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requests (🥀closed)

[image]

welcome!
i like rusger a bit too much, so here's a oneshot book just for them!
i will not do:
-smut (although i might hint it sometimes *lenny face*)
yeah that's pretty much it lol

i will make trigger warnings ⚠️⚠️

this book will have mentions of nazi germany and the ussr
disclaimer: i do not support nazism or facism and i am in no way trying to justify what these parties have done in the past

request in the comments and use the format below please!
gender x gender
type of oneshot (fluff, angst, gore, etc.)
a basic storyline
an au if there is one

thanks!!

1 | college bois in bar

🪒: male
🪒: male
mostly fluff, mentions of smut
requested by @_MiroTho
———

it was a cold day.

very cold, by the standards of someone who was not used to such a climate.

for russia, however, this was not a problem. he knew how to dress accordingly for the freezing temperatures, and if he did get cold; he knew how to handle it. the russian sat alone in his shared dormitory, awaiting his roommates. well, mostly for one roommate, he didn't care too much about the other's whereabouts.

it's not like he had a crush on him. on second thought, he probably did, but that's a fact that would never be said out loud. with all fairness, it was very hard *not* to be attracted to him; with those enchanting baby blue eyes, russia's favorite color. it was as if they were made just for him. and *oh,* that little twinkle they had when he talked about something he liked, just thinking about it melted his heart. however, to someone who wasn't paying attention, his eyes were rather deceiving. it was not rare for them to seem cold and stern, boring straight into your soul.

but, russia couldn't bring himself to even notice that, he was too distracted by how pretty they were.

he loved every bit of him; from his wavy hair that was always somehow tidy, to his over-the-top dress shoes, and beyond. not to mention his ass — he really liked his ass.

russia mentally slapped himself. this should not be the type of thing he thinks about.

the point is, is that germany was perfect. not only in his looks, but he was also frighteningly smart. he was a natural tactician, and it never failed to amaze russia how clever he was with, well, everything. he had a good heart too, the russian could tell. he always did everything in his power to convince others that he was not like his father. no, he was better. he was kind, even though he didn't show it too often. he had compassion, which already proved a difference between him and his father.

he was *so fucking cute*.

russia just wished he could tell him. he was terrible with words. he always fumbled around and got angry and made a mess. he's just...not that type of person. if he could find a way to admit to his crush that he liked him, everything would be so much better. he thought of germany in one of his hoodies, and he cried out in agonisingly loving pain.

"russ? you good bro?" slovakia came out from his room to check on his roommate, only to find him wailing on the couch. the shorter slav snorted. russia was such a drama queen, although he would never admit it.

he saw the tall country immediately shut his mouth and look at him with wide eyes. "you're home???"

"yeah, dumbass, where did you think i was?"

russia shrugged. "i just assumed you were out or at the library or something,"

it was reasonable; they were all stuck in college, unfortunately studying and actually doing things.

"where are the others?" the taller asked.

"the bar downtown. you know the one?" russia nodded. "if you're wondering, germany is there getting drunk as shit with the boys, might wanna get to him before somebody else does," he smirked. of course, slovakia knew about his crush on the tricolored country. despite russia being skilled at hiding emotions, slovakia knew him

well enough to spot his subtle nervousness around germany.

"what do you mean, 'before someone else does'," he shot up and furrowed his eyebrows.

"you know exactly what i mean. finland, america, and poland are all there, go get him before they do," slovakia winked. russia blushed furiously before grabbing his boots and winter jacket and running out to his car. not even a word of thanks, sheesh.

timeskip

"and iiiiiiiieeeeiiiiiiii, will always LOve yUooOoo," the entire bar sang out, filling the building with voice cracks and maniac laughter.

the door burst open, a distraught and abnormally tall russian standing through the door and desperately searching for a certain black, red, and golden face.

there he was. his little angel, laughing drunkenly with his best friend, japan, as she told him some story about who knows what. he quickly ran to him and said the first pick up line that came to his mind.

"are you an asteroid? 'cus you're out of this world." he smiled smugly, knowing this would do the trick. germany started blushing and opening his mouth and then closing and again, blinking drunkenly and adorably.

"-not all asteroids are outside of earth though," he slurred confusedly while russia rolled his eyes and picked him up onto his shoulder. "there's a reason dinosaurs dont exist anymore, russland —,"

"know-it-all. be quiet, you're coming with me, we're going home," he picked him up and placed him on his shoulder.

"but russland, it's so coldddd," he whined when he realized his

companion was taking him out of the bar.

"cute."

"i'm not cute. i'm an asteroid. you think asteroids are cute? weirdo!" he looked at him, brow raised in amusement. drunk germany was certainly something.

"i think you've drank enough today,"

"says you," germany snorted grumpily.

"that's a fair point," russia answered simply. the walk to russia's car was slow and annoying. after a few minutes of silence, the slav finally said something. "how would you feel if i kissed you?"

"i'd feel like an asteroid. haha, get it? cus i would feel out of this world?" he hiccuped, laughing to himself, not even realizing that he reused russia's line. the taller put him down and looked at him intensely, before cupping his face in his hands and leaning down.

at first germany didn't know what this weird soft warm thing on his lips was, but after a minute he realized it was another pair of lips - russia's. he blushed insanely, eye's widening as his rational brain returned momentarily. russia was kissing him?? *the* russia?? he wasn't quite sure what russia thought of him, but he certainly wasn't expecting this.

out of pure impulsivity and overwhelming attraction, germany kissed back, his eyes closing comfortably and melting into russia's hold. the latter's eyes widened in glee, before picking the shorter country up, skillfully wrapping his arms around his torso so that he could run back to the car without breaking the kiss.

timeskip - the next day

"russland, this is your fault!" germany exclaimed angrily. "i won't be able to fucking walk for a week because we just had to fuck in your fucking car. would it really have been so hard to find a bed somewhere? and what if people notice???"

"so what if people notice?" russia asked innocently, giving puppy eyes. germany huffed, dramatically looking away. "was it okay though?"

germany sighed. "yes, but i think you already knew that," before pulling the taller into his arms, cuddling him while the latter hummed softly in his grip. "you're really cute, you know that?"

russia snorted.

"you're also a big ass teddy bear,"

"yes, don't ever mention it again," he said, the softness leaking through his tone completely overwhelming the word's malice.

germany giggled, and the larger country wrapped his arms around germany's waist affectionately, resting his head in his lap comfortably.

"we should do that again sometime," he murmured.

"yeah. but not before i can operate my legs again," germany pointed out. russia smirked, proud of his work as he shifted slightly to look at the red marks littered on his chest, though almost completely covered by russia's stolemmhoodie. not only did he take away his partner's ability to walk, he also left evidence of it, and goddamnit he was happy about it.

_____

1314 words
yuck
i'm sorry idk how to write smexy stuff
i tried 😩😩
hope you liked it tho <3

2 | rip cereal bowl

🪥: male
🪥: male
angst, fluff
⚠ contains mentions of the ussr, mentions of child abuse ⚠
requested by @Fnaduppet

"what a bitch!" germany gasped. "we all know that *i'm* the only one allowed to be mean to you,"

"i know right!?" his boyfriend answered angrily.

america was one of germany's closest coworkers outside of europe, but he knew that he had a bad history with his russian, to say the least.

the striped country was one of those people who was always cocky and obnoxious, making fun of every little mistake anyone does. germany wouldn't exactly label him as a nice person, but he wasn't too terrible either, at least to him.

to his boyfriend, russia, not so much. usually america's stupid jokes were easily looked over and thought of as dumb by the tall country, but sometimes, he hit places that were too close to home. places regarding russia's past, which was not a topic he was open about, nor one he enjoyed looking back on.

but america learned how to get to him.

things russia had worked so hard on to move past from. he tried so hard to forget, but america somehow brought it back up from his core.

"*aw, you gonna hit me?" america cooed, tilting his head slightly. "you gonna beat me up, just like your father did to you? i thought you wanted*

to be different, russia."

the taller inhaled a shaky breath. america noticed this with delight — aggravating his enemies was just what he loved to do.

"don't talk about him like that." russia said quietly, dangerously.

"why?" america hummed mockingly. "it would be rather ironic of you to defend him, considering all he ever did to you was the opposite."

"you. don't. know. him." russia growled. "and you don't know me, either."

the shorter was not huge on disrespecting the dead, but for the soviet union he made an exception. the bastard deserved every bit of slander sent at him, whether directly or through his son. he knew it was complicated, but he didn't give a flying fuck. a soviet is a soviet, and the existence of such distastefulness is unforgivable.

"rep," russia began quietly, "i think i need some space if that's okay,"

"of course, liebling. do you want to go to the bedroom?" he nodded, germany helping him get to his feet and into the bedroom. he didn't let even a tiny bit of his anxiety for him slip into his voice.

stupid, stupid america. how could anybody ever hurt his little angel? what did he get out of making others feel bad? nothing. he's just fucking mean. germany snarled internally. fucking america.

unfortunately, there was no way he could reverse time and change what happened, so he just had to do his best to make his boyfriend feel better. he would probably want alcohol, but he didn't think that was a very good idea right now. maybe a glass of water? that could be it. a glass of water and some cuddles!! no, russia wanted some space, so he probably wouldn't appreciate snuggles right then and there. he should just prepare him some food for when he is ready to come out.

what was russia's favorite meal though? germany had no idea how to make russian food.

"i guess i'll make him cereal," he said to himself, severely lacking creativity in the midst of his muted anxiousness. he opened up one of the kitchen drawers, taking out a spoon from within it.

shit. he needed to get a bowl from their cabinets, but they were too tall to reach. russia was always the one who handed things down from the sky to germany. he hesitantly pulled up his leg, so that his foot was on the counter. he tried to be as quiet as possible, to not disturb his boyfriend. seeing that only having one foot on the counter wasn't really helping, he tried bringing his other foot there to, to get his entire body on top of the counter so he would be able to reach the cabinet. his plan was successful, as a german's plan always was. he grabbed a bowl and gave himself a quick pat on the back, which threw him off balance and—

the sound of glass breaking peirced his ears, almost as much as the little pieces from the bowl were peircing his back. *shit.* that probably made a lot of noise. germany scrambled to his feet, desperatley picking up glass shards from the floor as tears started irrationally forming in his eyes.

no, no, no, no, no. FUCK. don't you dare cry, Deutschland, don't cry. this is about russia, not about you. you fucking ruined it all, Deutschland! now Russland will come out wondering where all the noise is coming from and the attention will be on you!! not only that, but you fucking broke a bowl, too. what the fuck is wrong with you? suck it up and focus on your boyfriend, not yourself, you self obsessed bitch.

despite his will, tears gushed out of his eyes. germany knew he was overreacting, but he couldn't help it. the nerves that were already tilted from his worrying just set on fire. *stop fucking crying stop fucking crying stop fucking crying.* but he couldn't stop fucking crying. the glass that ripped open his back didn't even bother him anymore, he only cared about him being a jerk and making everything about him when it was russia who was suffering.

suddenly, a pair of warm arms wrapped around his torso, pulling him onto what he assumed was somebody's lap. realizing it was russia, he cried even harder as he clinged onto his neck.

"i'm so so sorry, russ, i'm so sorry," he choked through his sobs. the taller country rubbed his hands on germany's back in an effort to calm him down. he drew hearts with his fingers, indeed helping his companion calm.

"do you wanna tell me what happened?" he asked gently, after germany's sobs were reduced to sniffles — much like the ones russia was internally making earlier.

"i-i, i tried m-m-making you some c-cereal t-to m-make you f-f-f-feel better," russia hummed, listening intently. "and i'm n-not as f-f-fucking t-tall as you a-are, s-s-so i had t-to c-c-climb the c-counter t-to reach, a-a-and then i f-fell a-a-and b-broke t-the b-b-b-bowl," russia just chuckled.

"it's no big deal, babe, you made a mistake,"

"y-yeah b-b-but you were t-the one f-feeling b-b-b-bad, a-and i'm j-just t-t-turning t-the at-t-tention t-to me,"

"ger don't say that. just because i feel bad doesn't mean you aren't allowed to feel bad too. we're human, sort of, we have emotions that we can't control. not much we can do about that, дорогой (sweetheart)"

"c-can we j-just cuddle?" germany asked quietly, his throat still dry from crying.

"what kind of a question is that?" russia smiled softly as he threw himself on the couch with his boyfriend in his arms.

"r-russ,"

"yeah?"

"i l-love you,"

"i love you too," russia said easily, kissing the top of germany's head.

———

1259 words

proofreading is for mortals
sorry i got a little carried away with the angst-
hoped u liked it □□
have a great rest of your day <3

3 | don't touch my vodka

🪒: male
🪒: male
fluff
⚠️mentions of ww2⚠️
inspired by @Emo_warrior365
sort of requested by @Fnaduppet
———

the day had finally come. the 1st of february, the day he would finally arrive.
he had prepared for this day for so long. the day he would finally get to see his handsome ray of sunshine once again. he still couldn't believe it was today.
the country flopped down on the motel bed, spreading out his arms and breathing in deeply. he let out a sigh, knowing soon his emptiness would be filled. soon, he would be able to hold his lover in his arms once again.
he had prepared exactly where he would take his love, but the drive there was long, and not easy. he had had to pack several tools and tanks of gas, knowing that there weren't as many gas stations in siberia as there were in the city.
he had come to a motel in moscow, from the city omsk where he lived.
due to overly complicated reasons, russia had not seen his boyfriend in a very long time. he was a very busy and hardworking country, and the russian understood that.
he knew that with both of them being countries, they weren't allowed to live together, and they didn't have many chances to see each other.
despite this, the couple made an effort to visit each other as much as possible. today, the first of february, was the day that germany would arrive from berlin. they had two months together until the german had to return to his home country.

a buzz was heard from the night table beside the bed. the screen

read "малыш (baby boy)❤"
russia immediately answered, pushing the phone up to his ear so he could hear that voice as best he could.
"russland?" the other side of the phone called.
"Германия!"
"hallo, liebling!" germany's slightly accented and soft voice rang.
"where should i meet you? ich am at the airport,"
"i'll be there in 10 minutes, love, stay right where you are," russia replied.
"okay! call me when you are here, bitte (please),"
they bid their farewells and russia hurriedly put his winter boots and coat and ushanka on, tripping to over himself as he tried to be quick.
he was never the gentle, graceful one in this relationship. he was the scary big and *extremely* dominant one, but that didn't matter now.
the only thing on his mind right now was getting to germany.

the infamous timeskip

the blue eyed pretzel man laughed and snuggled his nose into his lover's neck, him being picked up and in his arms, with his arms around his neck and his legs wrapped around his waist.
"ich habe dich vermisst (i missed you)," germany said quietly, still nuzzling himself in russia's nape.
"i missed you too, rep" russia answered. "should we get going?"
germany nodded gently, melting russia's heart at just the sight of him cuddled up in his arms. he gently put him down and helped take his suitcase to the car.

"where are we gonna go?" the german asked curiously.
"my hometown, in siberia. you've been there before, you know when our fathers were meeting..."
"oh,"
"i just...i don't know how to explain. i feel like i have to go there."
"i know what you mean. if my old house wasn't blown up then i would have probably wanted to go back to it too." he chuckled.
"i wonder if the house is still there," russia thought aloud.
"guess we'll have to wait and see," germany winked.
"you realize this is a 10-11 day drive, right?"

"damn. might get nostalgia for the car instead of my home once i leave,"

by the time their conversation was over, they were both sitting in the car and starting to pull out of the parking lot.

"i always forget how beautiful moscow is, especially in the winter," germany commented as he gazed at the city in awe. russia just laughed and ruffled his hair in response.

it was already late. germany's flight had arrived at 23:00, and now it was 39 minutes later.

another timeskip :O

"russia i'm serious, pull over." the shorter country said sternly. "you've driven enough and you're tired. let me fucking drive"

this was around the 6th or 7th time germany had demanded the drivers seat and by this point russia saw no point in saying no. he was tired and he needed sleep if he was going to drive enough time the next day.

he pulled over at the parking lot of some super market, stopping the car and pulling out a blanket. his boyfriend tucked him in while the russian scooted into a more comfortable position in the passenger seat.

"good night," germany whispered, kissing his forehead.

the taller country mumbled something incoherent and started drifting to sleep.

after an hour of listening to russia's cute little soft snores and having google maps interrupt him, the german stopped for a minute.

i mean, it wouldn't be *such* a bad thing if he did that, right? just a bit won't hurt anyone. he just needed to find it.

knowing his boyfriend, he knew for a fact that there was alcohol somewhere in that car, germany starting a search for any thing that could seem like it.

rolled under one of the seats was something that looked like a vodka bottle, but he couldn't tell if it was empty or not.

he reached for it, feeling the bottle heavy and full, surprisingly unopened.

triumphed, he popped off the lid and took a big chug, the shock hitting him immediately.

after a few minutes the bottle was once again rolled under the same seat, this time with nothing in it.

germany had a goofy grin planted on his face, his foot suddenly hitting the gas at full speed.

yet another timeskip (to the next day)

"oh my fucking god germany oh my *fucking* god," russia said. "what the fuck?"

germany just looked down. he didn't dare looking at the car that he had crashed the night before.

"i'm so so sorry russland," he said quietly as tears started forming in his eyes. "i'm so sorry i'm such an idiot sheiße,"

russia sighed. at least it wasn't anything serious. neither of the countries were hurt and the damage on the car could be repaired.

"it's okay,"

"what?" germany whimpered.

"it's okay," he repeated, a bit louder now. "i'm not mad."

"you aren't?" he looked surprised. he had just destroyed his car why the fuck would he not be mad.

"you know it's annoying and shit but it's fine," he sighed. "i would probably have done the same,"

he felt two arms wrap around his waist,
hugging him close.

"Я тебя люблю (i love you)" russia said sincerely. "but next time, don't touch my vodka. only i'm allowed to be the dumbass here, okay?"

the german beside him giggled softly through his tears.

"ich liebe dich auch (i love you too)"

1168 words
idk how to feel about this
but i already deleted it once so here it is again :/
hope u like it anyway
also sorry this isnt the exact request but its smth along those lines, is that okay?
love ya <3

4 | schlaf' ein

🪒: male
🪒: male
angst
⚠️ww2, nazi germany, east & west germany, child abuse⚠️
a/n: the rusger will come dont worry its just not at the beginning
———

closing his eyes wasn't enough. he could still hear her cries for help, her begs for mercy. he could hear her tears dropping onto the cold floor. the buckle clicking as it hit her skin, leaving bloody marks and bruises. he would usually protect her, but instead he was tied up to a chair.

but she was innocent. she was innocent. she was fucking innocent.

it should have been him. he knew that. it should have been him, lying there on the basement floor, recieving a harsh beating. she was innocent. his father knew this, too.

suddenly the sound of air snapping stopped.

"siehst du, West (you see, west)," the belt was thrown on the floor. "du kannst nicht erwarten, dass es keine Konsequenzen gibt. 13 Jahre. 13 Jahre, und du hast deine Lektion noch nicht gelernt. nur wenn du denkst, ich kann dich nicht mehr verletzen, werde ich dich auseinander reißen. (you can't expect that there won't be consequences. 13 years. 13 years, and you have not yet learned your lesson. just when you think i can't hurt you anymore, i will tear you apart)"

"warum sie (why her)?" he choked out quietly, a lump forming in his throat.

"weil du sie liebst (because you love her),"

"und du nicht?" he suddenly cried out. there was no reply. the third reich just smiled. he hated that smile. he hated him. he wished he were dead. he wished he could save his sister. he wished he could be free.

but he knew none of those wishes would come true. he was still

tied down with a rope, forced to watch his sister get beaten. and somehow, he still loved his father. and he hated that.

the oldest country turned and calmly walked to the door, pretending nothing had happened.

"mach Spaß, meine Kinder (have fun, my children)," he said, before stepping out and shutting the lights off. leaving the twins alone in the dark, still tid up and wounded.

"O-Ost (east)?" he whimpered, calling his sisters name. "bist du okay? egal, ich werde uns hier rausholen, es wird okay sein. ich verspreche es (are you okay? nevermind, i'll get us out of hier. it'll be okay. i promise),"

"Vater hat das Licht ausgeschaltet (father turned off the light)," a voice answered. east knew of her brother's fear of the dark. he knew that when the lights went out, all his demons came, all the nightmares attacked, the monster in his mind awakened. "es ist okay, ich bin hier (it's okay, i'm here),"

"ich werde uns hier rausholen," he repeated a bit louder this time. a tear slid down his cheek. he hated seeing his twin in pain. mentally, and physically. the tears started pouring, he couldn't control it. "ich habe dich nicht gerettet (i didn't save you)"

the words hit her in the chest. the salty teardrops started rolling from her eyes as well.

then she started singing through her sobs.

wenn der Tag zu Ende geht
das letztes Licht vor Dunkel steht
du sollst nicht traurig sein
schlaf' ein
schlaf' ein

"es tut mir so leid (i'm so sorry)," west said. east paid no attention and continued singing.

ach, die kleinen Herzen schwer
und die Tränen fließen sehr

west looked at her, not able to find his sister because of the dark. he took a shaky breath and softly sang the next verse

da ist doch gar kein Blot zu sehen

ihr müsst jetzt schlafen gehen

there was still hope. east joined in, making harmony, turning the lullaby into a beautiful sound.

liebes Kind, du sollst nicht weinen
davon wird nur die Ende nass
morgen wird die Sonne scheinen
leckt dir die Tränen von den Wangen blass

schlaf' ein
schlaf' ein

"wir können es machen. wir sind Deutschland (we can do it. we are germany)"

'ich liebe dich,'

those were her last words. west remembered it like the back of his hand. he remembered everything.

she was there, in his arms. the day the berlin wall had fallen. the day they had reunited. he remembered feeling her tears wet his shirt. he remembered never wanting to let go.

he remembered how her body suddenly went limp in his arms. he remembered the bullet engraved on her back, blood pouring from the wound. he remembered her saying it. 4.05 seconds before the gunshot. he remembered every detail.

'i love you'

he never got to say goodbye. he couldn't say anything. he just held her close. it was the only thing he could do. this time, she was the one protecting him. it cost her her life.

he couldn't save her.

the country who now called himself germany, was crouched down in front of a grave. 'hier liegt Ost Deutschland' it read. he placed the bouquet of irises in front of the stone. east always loved them. they were common, but they barely saw them due to the destruction from the war.

instead of standing up again, germany sat down. a hand was

placed on his shoulder, giving him some sympathy. he didn't need sympathy, though. he needed his sister.

today was the day. 29 years ago, on this exact day, east germany had been shot in the back, and died from blood loss. 29 years ago, on this exact day, east and west germany were reunited.

he took a deep breath.

"are you okay, милая (sweetheart)?" a voice called gently, disturbing his thoughts.

"ja. danke, russ," he nodded and looked back to the grave. "can i have a minute with her please?"

"of course," the taller country replied before walking off to a near tree, close enough to see germany but not enough to disturb him.

"hallo, Ost," germany said to the peice of stone. "wie geht es dir? ich vermisse dich. ich habe wieder Angst vom Dunkel, ohne dich, es ist viel schwerer. mein Freund Russland hilft, aber, du weißt was ich meine, ich brauch dich auch (how are you? i miss you. i'm scared of the dark again. without you, it's much harder. my boyfriend russia helps, but you know what i mean. i need you too),"

"erinnerst du dich, wann wir Vaters Hut gestohlen haben (remember when we stole father's hat)?" he chuckled sadly. "es ist nicht das Gleiche ohne dich (it's not the same without you),"

"erinnerst du dich der Lied, das wir immer gesungen haben? das war unser Lied. erinnerst du dich? (do you remember the song that we had always sung? that was our song. remember?)" he started singing it, as if to remind her.

wenn ihr Kinder müde seid
spricht euch Gevatter Schlaf Bescheid
er steigt vom Schattendach der Bäume
holt euch in sein Reich der Träume
wenn ihr euch matt und schläfrig fühlt
hat er sanft euch schon umhüllt
nun ist es Zeit nichts mehr zu tun
Geist und Körper auszuruhen
im tiefen Wald, man sieht nichts mehr
wird es euch ums Herz so schwer
wenn der Tag zu Ende geht
das letzte Licht vor Dunkel steht

du sollst nicht traurig sein
morgen wird die Sonne scheinen
schlaf' ein
schlaf' ein
ach, die kleinen Herzen schwer
und die Tränen fließen sehr
da ist doch gar kein Blut zu sehen
ihr müsst jetzt schlafen gehen
liebes Kind, du sollst nicht weinen
davon wird nur die Erde nass
morgen wird die Sonne scheinen
leckt dir die Tränen von den Wangen blass
wenn der Tag zu Ende geht
das letzte Licht vor Dunkel steht
du sollst nicht traurig sein
morgen wird die Sonne scheinen
schlaf' ein
schlaf' ein
und ist die kalte Nacht vorbei
gibt der Schlaf euch wieder frei
öffnet sanft die schweren Lider
und so Gott will, sehen wir uns wieder
wenn der Tag zu Ende geht
das letzte Licht vor Dunkel steht
du sollst nicht traurig sein
morgen wird die Sonne scheinen
wenn der Tag zu Ende geht
das letzte Licht vor Dunkel steht
du sollst nicht traurig sein
morgen wird die Sonne scheinen
schlaf' ein
schlaf' ein
schlaf' ein
schlaf' ein

"ich liebe dich, Ost" germany said as he finished the last verse. he got up and walked to the tree where he saw his boyfriend russia stand, waiting for him.

"hey ger," the taller country ruffled the shorter's hair gently. "how was it?"

"okay," he answered truthfully. "i miss her."

"i know, love. i do too,"

"what...what was she like, from your perspective?" germany asked as he and russia started walking out of the graveyard.

"she was very smart, i remember that." germany nodded, agreeing with his boyfriend's statement. "she was shy and outgoing at the same time somehow. she was a really hard worker but also very stubborn." the shorter laughed quietly. "she had the exact same eyes as you," he noted.

"yeah. i guess that's a twin thing," he sighed. while the berlin wall was standing, east and west had been seperated. west was being supervised and "fostered" by britain, france, and america, while east had been by russia's family, amd the soviet union.

"i remember one time папа was mad and she was sitting in a different room with me, until he came in and took me by the collar of my shirt. east immediatley stood up and tried to help me. she was a good person," the russian shared.

"one of the best," the other murmured.

"let's go home, babe. i think you need some rest." germany just nodded and allowed russia to lead him to the car.

"i remember her last words," germany suddenly admitted, sitting in the car seat beside his lover. he looked at him curious,y, to which the german said; "just three words. she said i love you,"

russia took his hand and laced his fingers around his own. he brought them to his face and nuzzled with his nose, finally planting a kiss on the german's hand.

"i wish i could forget," he said. "if i could forget maybe i could fucking sleep at night. maybe i could live normally, maybe i wouldn't be scared of the dark as a fucking adult,"@

"don't wish that, baby. forgetting can come with bad things too. sometimes it's good to have it. we fight sometimes, right? we have arguements. if we didn't then something would be off," russia told him thoughtfully.

"you have a point. but, still. it doesn't feel good,"

"i know sweetheart, i know."

"i don't know where i would be without her." germany whispered. "i don't know where i would be without *you,* russland. i owe you my life,"

"no," he laughed gently, kissing his boyfriend's cheek. "you owe me cuddles,"

the german sighed. "c'mon, ger, you know they make you feel better."

"fine, but only because i love you,"

russia smiled and put his hands on the wheel, ready to get home as soon as possible for his snuggles.

_____

1842 words
oh jeez that was so long im so sorry
not sure how i feel about this tbh :/
hope u liked it anyway tho <33

5 | russ is overprotective babie w anger issues

🪮: male
🪮: male
fluff

"stoppp," the country groaned, reluctantly fluttering his eyes open. the figure above him was a blurry mess to him, as he did not have his glasses. the creature was snuggling close to his chest, breathing in his smell of coffee and cinammon. "stop sniffing me, weirdo," he complained, attempting to shove away the other by placing his hand on his head and pushing him off.

"but you smell so good," his companian whined, giving him puppy eyes. "and i bet you taste great too," he added, before leaning in and kissing him on the lips, but the shorter pushed himself away.

"nuh uh, russ," he said sternly. "not with your stinky morning breath," he held his nose and waved his hand in the air to indicate his point.

russia pouted, clearly upset with this answer.

"don't give me that look,"

russia sniffed like a child, and once again placed his chin on his lover's chest. the steady breathing was so soothing to him, he never wanted to leave the warmth and comfort of his arms. he felt a hand brush through his messy white hair, trying to untangle it. the russian was an active sleeper, which played a big role in the untidiness of his hair. rolling around all night and constantly waking up germany, looking for cuddles and attention, certainly did not help his case.

the hands were soft and gentle, like, well....there wasn't anything else like it. the black tip of one of the hands combed through the hair, the other twirling the white substance playfully, rolling it up and watching his hair gradually get curlier. russia naturally had wavy hair, but his ushanka hid a lot of the fluffiness in it.

surprisingly, russia was the dominant one in this relationship.

but, he too, wanted attention, and was often clingy. he would never admit it though, his boyfriend would tease him about it forever. he of course, knew about this side of the abnormally tall country, but he decided to be nice and not damage his lover's high ego.

as germany played with the russian's hair, the colder country snuggled closer to him, nuzzling his nose in the crook of his neck.

"when was the last time you smoked, russland?" the german suddenly asked, disturbing the peaceful silence.

"yesterday night," he mumbled, too lazy to get out of this comfortable position.

"well that explains why you smell like cigerettes,"

"weren't you the one who said smelling people is weird? лицемер (hypocrite)," germany sighed as he felt russia take a deep breath in and absorb his scent once again. "do you have work today, малыш (baby boy)?"

"nein, liebling. it is sunday," the aryan replied.

the taller's eyes widened as he shot up from his lover's chest, leaving the both feeling cold and craving each other's touch again. "really?!" he said excitedly.

"ja,"

the grin on russia's face was so genuine and heartwarming that germany couldn't help but get up and tackle him with kisses and hugs. he gave little pecks that tickled russia all over. germany usually slept with a shirt, while russia did not. this gave the shorter an advantage as he planted kisses on russia's stomach, chest, neck, face, and finally lips.

"i thought you said i was smelly," he smirked.

the german rolled his eyes and muttered a 'shut up' as he got off his boyfriend and looked away.

"it was a joke, ger, don't worry," the russian reassured. "well since you don't have work, we should do something today!" germany nodded in agreement, subtly smiling as he looked back at the man. "do you want to watch a movie? or, there's this café that just opened around the block!"

the shorter tricolored country helped his boyfriend off the bedroom floor before answering; "let's go to that café! we can watch a movie in the evening or whatever,"

russia nodded. "well we can't go out like this, though,"

"agreed. i don't care what you wear, as long as you have a shirt on. Amerika might be in the area, if you know what i mean,"

germany answered. russ growled internally.

he hated that american *so much*. he always followed the russian, trying repeatedly to humiliate him. not only, but he was a creep, too. it was quite clear that he had a crush on the tricolored country. they had a bad history as well, and the russian also knew his body was very well built and attractive, to say the least. in his personal opinion, only his german was allowed to see him without a shirt on.

as he was thinking, he went to the wardrobe and randomly picked out a t-shirt, some adidas pants, a sweatshirt, and of course his famous ushanka. also his own morning routine took only around 5 minutes, his boyfriend's was much longer. the german cared very much about his public appearance, as he believed it impacted his reputation. as a pansexual, he also had great taste in fashion. but he especially cared about how his hair looked, that was the most important part.

russia chuckled to himself, knowing that he would have to wait at least 45 minutes for germany to be ready, even though they were just going to a café around the street.

timeskip

the bell above the door jingled as it was opened, and the first thing he saw was the one person he hated most, but also the person he loved the most.

russia.

but who was he with? germany. he was *still* dating the guy, and america couldn't figure out why. what's so special in germany that america doesn't have?

nothing; that was his opinion. he suddenly smirked widely, grinning at the couple as he noticed russia snarl when he saw him. he waved his hand and beckoned them to come over to his table. after they refused, he frowned and just watched them order coffee and some pastries.

"thank you" was said to the cashier from germany, and he watched him and russia find a seat on the opposite side of the café. if only he were in germany's position...

timeskip

"russland, please calm down," the german begged his boyfriend.

the russian continued to glare at everything and everyone, one

could practically see smoke fuming from his ears. "calm down? *calm down?*" he snapped at his boyfriend, watching the shorter flinch. he forgot to apologize. "germany. this man has been stalking me for more than a fucking *month*, repeatedly tried taking you away from me, and now he has the *nerve* to call me 'flaming hot'?"

a few minutes before, the american had come up to their table and started shooting pick up lines at him, intentionally getting germany uncomfortable so that russia would see how weak he really is. the russian said nothing, just stood up and suddenly grabbed america by the collar of his shirt and gave him a big punch in the face. *"i love germany, nobody else. fuck the fuck off, america"* he had said.

"russ," the aryan pleaded. "listen to me, please. he just wants a reaction from you. he wants to get you mad and see what happens." the german knew the real reason america had done that. but he knew it would just make russia angrier, and he had some unpleasant experiences with russia's impulsivity and aggression. "do you really want to give him that satisfaction, to know that he got to you?"

the taller shook his head, finally allowing his lover to coach him out of the anger. "take a deep breath." he followed the instructions. "breath in, hold, and breath out. i'm here, it's okay. do it again a few times, alright?" germany held his hand tightly, noticing how the other's grip softened and calmed. he sighed out of relief. "good job, liebling, i'm so proud of you,"

a kiss was planted on his cheek, right under the slav's prominent cheekbones. "thank you," he mumbled, and the german smiled softly as his response.

"time for that movie?" the shorter suggested.

"да," the other responded, before ruffling his boyfriends hair and saying his favorite words to use with germany.

"Я тебя люблю (i love you),"

"ich liebe dich auch (i love you too),"

1335 words
kind of rushed ahhh 😶
hope you enjoyed nevertheless
ngl i had no plot in mind i kinda just freestyled and i didn't proofread so i hope i didn't just publish 1335 words of shit :/

luv u guys 💖💖

6 | maybe it was meant to be

🪒: male
🪒: male
angst
requested by the lovely @Fnaduppet
———

he held his legs close to his chest, whimpering and trying to silence his tears. he didn't have a right to cry though. he was the bad guy here. no, no. he's either fucked up in the head or he's looking for attention.
a new flood of tears came and wet his sweatpants. thankfully the door was closed, but he wouldn't blame him if he wanted to see him cry. he must want to see him in misery. stop it germany, you're making this about you. he smacked himself hard with his hand, attempting to get rid of his terrible headache that throbbed through his quiet sobs.
he was everything he promised russia he wouldn't be.
he was selfish, he was rude, he was brutal and heartless, he only did things to benefit hmself. he *hit* him.
that was the one thing he swore to him that he would never do. that he would never be like his father. but no, germany couldn't even keep that one fucking promise.
he hit his boyfriend. he regretted it so much. he wished he didn't. he wished he could turn back time and stop himself for doing that. he didn't even remember how hard he hit, but that didn't matter as much as the fact that he *hit* him.
germany coughed, his throat dry from all the crying.

"rep?" a voice called from behind the door. "can i come in, my love?"
germany immediatley layed down on the bed and pretended to be asleep, avoiding talking to his lover. he heard the door creak open, and quickly close behind him again.
large hands touched his arms, trying to be as gentle as possible. the warm red hands ran from his shoulder to his elbow, and back again, before a soft pair of lips touched his neck. "i know you're awake," he

said softly. "i heard you crying. is it still about that thing?"
germany nodded, choking out another sob.
"baby, you didn't do anything. it was an accident,"
"i *hit* you," he said through his tears.
"no, germany," the russian sighed. "you were mad, and you couldn't control your reaction, and it happened. it happens to me too,"
"hitting you is still hitting you,"
"i've hit you too, remember? the exact same story. we were having a fight, i got mad, raised my hand and hit you. i regret it so so much, i wish i didn't do it, but it happened. there's nothing i can do about it, you know?"
"still,"
"i don't think so," russia shrugged. "c'mon boo, i'm not mad. you didn't do anything and i'm perfectly fine."
"i'll make it up to you, i promise," he said softly as he buried his face in his boyfriend's chest. "i'm so so sorry,"
the taller he shushed him by placing a finger on his lips.
"don't be," he said, gently drawing circles on his lover's back in an attempt to calm him. the russian placed his head on top of germany's, trying to get comfortable and to make him feel more at home in his arms.
"why are you still with me, russia?" the aryan choked out through his tears. "i've never done anything for you, i just hurt you and use you constantly,"
"i stayed because i love you,"
"but *why*?"
"you make me happy. you are the highlight of my life, the one thing i look forward to everyday. you give me a reason to wake up in the morning," he answered truthfully, now playing around with his hair and gripping on to his sweater tightly, so that he can't run away.
"but i hurt you,"
"we wouldn't be a couple if we didn't fight. babe, this is the whole point of relationships. there are ups and downs, we get angry and we get mad and we get sad and we get lonely, but we're still here. we're still here together, and that must mean something, right?"
"i-i guess," his boyfriend sniffled in response. "i'm so sorry russ,"
russia felt the german melt into his strong arms, absorbing his warmth and embracing his lover in his arms, never wanting to let

go.

maybe they weren't perfect.

but maybe it was meant to be.

red, white, and blue fingers found themselves on black, red and gold ones, lacing themselves into each other. russia felt a gaze on him, looking down to face germany's bright blue eyes, still a bit puffy from his earlier crying. he couldn't help himself. he leaned down and closed the gap between them, his pale and chapped lips locking onto the other's soft and pink ones.

nothing sexual, no. just a kiss. a kiss that was more than a kiss. it was a kiss that connected the two, sewing their world together and stitching the bond into one peice. it was a kiss of a apology, and a kiss of forgivness. a kiss of fear, a kiss of determination. a kiss bringing the countries back to life, back to sanity. the kiss brought them *home*.

maybe they fought.

maybe they got angry.

maybe they got sad.

maybe they felt like they couldn't do it.

but that's okay.

maybe it was meant to be this way.

"ich liebe dich (i love you)," a voice whispered.

"ich liebe auch dich (i love also you)," germany chuckled at russia's broken german, pulling him closer.

"i love you, russ, forever. no matter what,"

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936 words
oh gosh this is rushed and awful im so sorry
rlly crappy angst, i might rewrite it later
hope yall liked it either way <3

7 | germans like drawing bro

🪒: male
🪒: male
angst >:3
⚠ third reich/weimar republic, german empire, child abuse, ww2 ⚠
———

he made a *tsk* sound.

"jesus," the sigh came out louder than he had expected. the knocking wouldn't stop, the hard wood being hit far too many times for it to be pleasant for the man. "komm rein (come in)," he ordered, annoyed.

a little boy walked in, looking down nervously and holding something behind his back.

"hallo, Deutschland."

"Guten Tag, Vater," he stuttered.

"was willst du (what do you want)?" the boy stammered, annoying his father even more. "sprich fließend, mein Sohn. ich verstehe dich nicht. (speak fluently, my son. i do not understand you,)"

"kann ich dir eine Zeichnung zeigen, die ich gemacht habe (can i show you a drawing that i made)?" the small country gulped, fearing his father's reaction. he hoped that by showing him his drawing, he would be happy about their shared interest of art. unfortunately for him, the third reich was unpredictable.

the man sighed and held out his gloved arm , where he recieved his son's drawing.

it was identical to his.

no, no. there's no way he could have known.

no—

his small hands traced over the pencil, memorizing the shape of his creation. there was one more thing he needed; color. he was young. he couldn't have known that the world was all black and white. how would he have known?

he pulled out red crayon. the wax gently touched the paper and glided against it's surface, painting the shapes of his family. red, white, black, and yellow. that's all that the weimar republic needed. the yellow was there, only for him. weimar was the only one in the family with that bright sunny color.

he was young. he was still innocent. it was long before any wars, before he became the third reich. no, he was still just little weimar.

he lifted the paper, inspecting it, before he decided it was ready. he opened the door to his room before galloping happily to his father's office.

"Vater! ich hab ein Geschenk (father! i have a present)," the boy announced before proudly handing his work to the german empire. his face was still plain. emotionless and lifeless.

the child's smile faltered, realizing his father was not pleased. he didn't understand. he just drew himself and the empire together, like a family.

the slap stayed sound in his ears. his cheek burned, the red mark of a hand still showing. his lip quivered as his eyes threatened to shed tears. he didn't dare look back up at the man he called his father.

he didn't understand what he did wrong.

"you are the next reich, weimar. to rule a country you must be feirce and ruthless. drawing shows weakness. you may not show weakness. you have to stop being weimar, and start being the third reich."

his words hit like a stab in the neck. they hurt more than the slap. they grinded their way into his heart, staying there and leaving the memory forever stuck in his head. the drawing layed on the floor, forgotten in the midst of the tense silence.

however the drawing could never be forgotten.

"get out." he snarled, getting up from his chair.

"w-was?" germany stuttered, confused. he expected his father to be happy from this, not mad.

"you heard me, Deutschland. *out.*"

the third reich was dangerous when he was mad. germany somehow loved him nevertheless, but it scared him. he knew that he would get in serious trouble if he didn't follow his orders. the older country was already giving him that glare that only he could muster. the glare that shot at you like a million knifes, his entire focus on you, his hat shadowing his face, said face showing no expressions.

the boy stumbled out of his father's room, closing the door behind him as he ran off.

the nazi leaned down and picked up the drawing. germany and reich, being a family.

it was too similar. he had to get rid of it.

meanwhile, his son was back in his own room, holding back tears, and opening his window, planning to sneak out and visit the only person he still trusted. his window was not very high from the ground, making it easier for the country to jump down and run.

as soon as his feet hit the grass, he started sprinting, not bothering to look back. he ran and he ran and he ran. his destination was far, but he needed to go there.

he finally arrived at the meadow. the sun was already setting and the flowers were duller than usual. however, he did not come here for sight seeing. he was looking for his friend. a certain russian who he knew was in this meadow almost every day.

"Германия?" a voice suddenly called from behind him, scaring him and making him jump. the same voice giggled, the german instantly recognizing his best friend's laugh. he turned around and looked at him for half a second before embracing him in a tight hug, making the both fall over onto the grass. they laughed, mostly happy that they could see each other again.

"hey russ,"

"what's wrong?" russia always knew when something was up, and

although he always acted blank and emotionless, germany knew that he was just a big baby.

"vater...."

"again??"

it was not the first time that his father had done him wrong. it wasn't only his father too, it was also his companian's father. the both had a tough relationship with their families, and they knew how it felt, so they were always there for each other.

germany told him the story as russia listened intently, thinking hard.

"fucking bitch. i don't know what to tell you ger. he's a dick." he blurted.

germany giggled. "russ, you're 10 years old. i don't think you should be swearing so much,"

"ger, you're 9 years old. i don't think your father should be treating you this way," he fake mocked.

the german sighed in response, placing his face in his hands before groaning in frustration.

"one day we'll get out of here." germany stated, finally. "one day we'll leave this rotten place with it's rotten people and go together to the moon,"

"we sure as fuck will," the other spitted on his hand before reaching it out for his friend to shake it.

"that's gross, russia,"

they both laughed, enjoying each other's company and joking about things that children of their age should not be joking about.

by the time the sun had set completely, leaving the pair in the dark, they were laying down on the grass, their heads touching, yet facing the opposite direction.

"you promise that we'll go to the moon one day?" germany whispered.

"i promise,"

_____

1208 words

i'm so so sorry i've been dead, my bf just broke up with me and i have to deal with all the load of hw my teachers give us now so i didn't really have the time or energy to write sorryyy

i was kinda making this plot up as i go, so i have no idea how it is 🤡
idk how to write endings help
hope y'all like it tho
have a great rest of your day, ily all 💗💗

8 | germans like drawing bro pt. 2

🪮: male
🪮: male
fluff
lots of simping in this oneshot
(sorta? they gave me the idea) requested by @DatGerman ＜3

---

his hand was working swiftly.

a twirl here, a gentle touch there. the brush glided across the canvas, mixing colors and creating texture. the painting consisted of only three colors. *his* colors.

white paint was scattered around the canvas, adding touches of it for the appropriate shading, and for combining the colors. the white, which was usually interpreted as a dull and plain color, stood for a great cause.

germany never painted without meaning. he never used colors that didn't apply, that didn't have a reason to be there. white stood for nobility. the aryan thought of his companian and smiled at his bravery, and for always fighting for what he believed in. he admired him so so much. his childhood friend had evolved into a perfect being.

blue. blue indicated shadows in the painting. bits of it was plastered around it, shading and giving the portrait a new tone, a new personality. the tall country was the most honest person he knew. he was sometimes brutally honest, but that was still a good thing in germany's eyes. blue for having faith. blue for being loyal. blue for impeccability.

red. there had been a lot of red in the german's past. he used to like the color, now he doesn't as much. but he pushed his thoughts aside for this. red had a history. red was blood in past wars, but red was also love. red was generosity and courage. red symbolized the

traits in him that germany admired most. he made sure to have the red perfect. his hands could not be shaky. he would simply brush, rubbing the paint of the soft bristles, coated in color.

the painting was abstract.

unfortunately for the small country, his hands were indeed shaky. his lines weren't smooth. the brush strokes were short, not quite allowing the three colors to blend in.

germany stared at it in thought, wondering what he could do to make it look better.

but it was already too late in the process. moscow had been painted, yet something was missing. he couldn't figure out what.

suddenly, it came to him. how had he not realized?

he was missing *snow*. one of russia's most well known traits. he plopped his paintbrush in a cup filled with water and took out a small, more slender one.

detail was important. he smoothed out the white paint on the canvas, twirling the brush and drawing out each individual snowflake.

finally, it was ready.

the painting of st. basil's cathedral was finished and perfected.

"you can come in now, russ," he called out to his friend who had been waiting outside the room the entire time. the door opened in front of him, the canvas still facing the opposite direction so that the russian could not see it.

"it's about time," his companian grumbled, rolling his eyes and coming to see the painting. his eyes widened as they layed themselves on the masterpeice in front of him. he tried opening his mouth and closing it again, but no sound came out. moscow looked *so real*. "i-it's....beautiful," he whispered, eyes twinkling in astonishment. nobody had ever created something so special and unique just for him. nobody had ever put in this much effort for him.

russia turned to his friend, and without saying anything, he pulled him into a long and careful hug. "Спасибо (thank you)," he said quietly, hugging his friend tightly, no longer caring that he had tears running down his face.

germany gently nudged his friend, signalling that they should

head over to the living room. they walked together before the slav plopped on the couch and quietly said; "я тебя люблю" in a quiet voice.

this took the aryan aback. he did not speak russian, but he recognized that phrase. 'i love you', he had said. germany loved him too. germany loved him so fucking much. but he couldn't tell if the russian was being serious or not. either way, it made him nervous, as he did not know how to respond.

"i mean it. я тебя люблю, ger," he said again.
"i-i love you too russ"

russia chuckled. "remember when we were kids? when our fathers made us angry and we would complain to each other and shit?"

germany had to painfully smile at the memories. they weren't nice ones, but russia was always there. russia always made things better. "ich erinnere mich an (i remember)," he responded. "do you remember that promise you made? that we would go to the moon?"

the taller country laughed, nodded, and then hid his face in his hands out of embarrassment. it was a dumb promise to make. everybody knew that countryhumans couldn't leave earth. it wasn't possible.

they made the promise when they were young, they could not change that. and there was no way to go to the moon. they could not change that either. but...maybe they would be able to work around it. germany had already surprised russia with the breathtaking painting, now he had to do something for him.

and he had an idea.

timeskip eeee

"can i look now?"

"nope, not yet. we are almost there. be patient, you nasty," the taller giggled, his hands covering the other's eyes, so that he would not be able to see the surprise he had planned out for him.

"okay, ready ger?"

"ich bin immer, mein Freund (i am always, my friend)," he

replied. not a second after, his bedroom was revealed to him.

his room was completely different. a certain someone had painted his walls black, and sticked on meters and meters of fairy lights. the wall across from had a huge platform, and a background with the colors and shapes of the moon. germany's normal bed was replaced with one commonly used in the space station. the entire room was transformed into, well, the moon.

he was speechless.

"i know i can't take you to the actual moon, but i kinda hoped that this would be the best i could do. it's totally understandable if you don't—"

germany's lips met with russia's. for that moment, the world went slow, dumbfounding the russian. the aryan immediatley pulled out of the kiss, afrakd that he made his friend uncomfortable.

but suddenly two big and rough hands cupped his face, germany finding it impossible to not melt at the touch. their lips met once again,and this time staying for much longer.

the german was a blushing mess, and the russian, as much as he hated to admit, was also.

"ich liebe dich," germany chanted as he pulled his russian into his arms, cuddling him until he couldn't breathe.

"i love you too, but," russia coughed. "i kind of need to breathe,"

1173 words
idk what happened here this oneshot is a mess
was a bit rushed sorryyyyy
hope u liked it anyway doe <33
have a great day xx

9 | 1k reads??? rusger is gay???

THANK YOU GUYS SO SO MUCH OMG
I NEVER EXPECTED TO GET SO MANY VOTES AND SO MANY READS
I JUST STARTED THIS BOOK JUST FOR FUN AND NOW IM HERE AND OH MY GOSH I DONT EVEN KNOW WHAT TO SAY THANK YOU
I LOVE EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU SO SO MUCH
HERE HAVE A 1K READS THING
⚠mentions of third reich, mentions of homophobia⚠
yeets my love at yall cus yall are the best **❤❤❤❤❤❤❤❤❤**

---

germany looked out at the view. a park full of people from all over the world, staring up at the makeshift stage, at *him*. people of all different races, sizes, genders, ethnicities, religions, sexualities, and everything. it was truly a marvelous sight. such different people, coming together to become one. all bunched together, they looked like a garten of flowers and birds. so many different colors, so many different sizes, so many different everythings.
and each one of them had their own story. they had their own life, their own background and personalities and beliefs and views of life. but they were all people.
he looked at them in awe. it was rare to see so many different types of people in one place. these kinds of speeches were not for everybody. not every person had the patience and the ability to sit down for hours and listen to somebody else speak their opinion. germany respected that. but one of the most repeated lessons drilled into his head by his father, the third reich, was that you had to win the audience. you had to grab them with your words and persuade them to listen.
however this time was different. the german wasn't going to try to force any of his own beliefs on anybody else today. no, no. he had something much more important to tell them.

beside the park lay a calm and peaceful river. the night sky shone over it, while the moon's light reflected upon it. the minature waves sparkled when he laid his eyes on them. russia liked to sit here while his boyfriend was doing his thing. the small ripples mesmerized him, making it impossible to take his eyes off them.
today was an important day. well, an important evening that is. he and his lover had spent the beginning of the day making sure that everything was in place, in order and ready.
this evening was going to be the night where russia and germany publicly announced their love. all the tension would finally be released. they would finally be able to show affection and public and be open about their relationship.
to a normal human, such as the reader of this book, or i, the writer, this might not seem like a big deal. however, for country representatives, it was a different story. people from their homeland had certain expectations from them. they expected them to be straight and serious and smart and hardworking. they did not want the representative of their country to be something they did not approve of.
in both russia and germany, homophobia still existed and was still a big issue. germany, a calm and neat pansexual, might be a bit more accepted by his country. however, russia, a raging alcoholic bisexual from a very homophobic country, might not be so good for him.
either way, they hoped that by announcing to their homelands that they were together, things might become better for the LGBTQ+ community.
there was still a bit of time before the speech would really begin. russia wanted to be with his boyfriend and offer him support before the big moment, but the german refused. this left him stuck with watching the water.
he heard a microphone ring, his cue to come up to the platform to join his lover.
"willkommen, Damen und Herren," the familiar soft voice spoke into the microphone. "welcome, ladies and gentlemen" he repeated, this time in english.
russia made his way to the stage to stand beside germany,

supporting him ans giving him a small thumbs up. the aryan gave a quick smile in return.
"i appreciate you all coming very very much." he began again. "for years and years, the LGBTQ+ community has faced discrimination and unfair treatment by others. being attracted to one of the same sex was once considered a crime, and in many places still is. in 14 countries, not only is being gay illegal, it also comes with a death penalty."

"some people jusitify this by saying that it is the will of god. that there are only two genders, and that one may only have love with one of the opposite sex. being gay is not a choice. being transgender is not a choice. you can't choose to "be gay for 24 hours ". no, you don't. just as how a woman may not have feelings for another woman just because she is not attracted to women. it's the same story, just the characters are switched up. you don't choose to be heterosexual, nor do you choose to be LGBTQ+ ."

germany snuck a quick glance at his russian, to find the tall country looking at him with supporting eyes, and admiring his bravery for standing up about this.

"love is still love. being attracted to the same gender does not change who you are, just as being attracted to the opposite gender does not change who you are. love is not a crime, it is a gift. do not be blind and let the gift go, just because it is thought of as wrong, and not the natural way of it. nature works as it does. you don't choose who you love."

"i'm sure that you all know the countryhuman representative of russia. "

murmers ran through the crowd, people anticipating what was going to be said next.

"at first he was like a brother to me. he was important to me, but not in the way that he is now. my heart decided that i love him, not me. i love russia. and i don't care that he is a man. if i love him, then i love him. it does not matter what his gender is. it does not matter what he believes in. it does not matter his race, sexuality, or anything else. it just matters that i do,"

"you're saying this as if we don't already know," somebody in the wave of people called. germany furrowed his eyebrows, confused. the human took notice of this and laughed. "ever heard of wattpad?"

_____

1091 words
idk what im doing
its hard writing characters who are smarter than u
ilysm thank you so so so so much for 1k reads u have no idea how much this means to me
<3

10 | is he cute or hot?

🇷🇺: male
🇺🇸: male
ok so real quick—
we all know the au of countryhumans having their country form and their human form
that exists in this oneshot thingy
———

wow.

my eyes widened in shock at the boy in front of me. he was really really *really* attractive. he had sharp feautures, but at the same time he had a slightly childish look. he look a teenager, maybe 17 or 18. he was.... *gorgeous*. i couldn't help stare at him and admire—

"sir? do you want to order something?" the boy asked politely, raising one of his eyebrows a bit.

"oh, yes, sorry—"

"no problem."

"i'd like a black coffee, please," i said quickly. i noticed that the boy now wore a small smile, chuckling at his order. "what's so funny?" i demanded, unable to control my aggression.

his eyes suddenly widened in fear, i immediately regretted snapping at him. "—sorry,"

"it's okay. i was laughing because i'm also a black coffee type of guy, haha," he chuckled nervously, a hand gripping his neck. "what name should i put the order under?"

"alexander," i replied. i had to use a human name in human settings. nobody was allowed to know that i am a country, it was forbidden. the country world must stay as the country world.

"alexander," he repeated quietly, scribbling it down on a peice of paper. "that's quite a fine name. may i ask where you are from?"

"uh...russia." i replied, blushing a bit at the compliment. i was not quite sure how to reply to that, since technically i *am* russia.

the boy nodded in understandement, looking as though a big mystery has been solved. "you look russian," he commented, still

writing a few notes on the piece of paper before handing it out to one of his coworkers

"thanks," i murmured quietly.

"thank you for your order, sir. we hope you come again soon," he said before handing me my drink. i pulled out some cash, making sure to leave a few extra dollars for the cute boy.

i walked out before he could realize that i left him some money.

maybe i'll come back again tomorrow. it wouldn't be too bad seeing him again.

pov change uwu

japan sat across from me, listening intently to every word i spoke. i usually don't talk about this type of stuff, but if there is anybody who could help me, it would be my best friend. she's a huge fangirl and anime lover, but she is also super helpful and serious when you need her to be.

"oh my gosh, ger. it's finally happening!! you like somebody!!" i shushed her, not wanting all the countries in the room to hear her. "sorry!" she whispered excitedly. "so tell me more about him. is he cute? or is he hot? there is a very important difference,"

"he's kind of...both, you know? he's got these cold looking hazel eyes but i feel like there's a lot more under the surface. they were so enchanting and mystical and it's impossible to *not* look at him in amazement. they kinda remind me of russia's, to be honest. oh, speaking of which; he said he was russian, explaining his very prominent jawline and cheekbones. and his hair!! it looked so fluffy and warm, i wish i could have touched it. he's also very tall, and he left me a huge tip! he seemed kinda aggressive and angry, but that's okay. i think i like him, japan. i hope he comes back to the café soon. he's so perfect." i ranted dreamily. i trusted japan with my life, i know she would never tell anybody and i also know that she likes hearing about crushes and other people's love lives. especially mine.

she keeps bugging me about getting a boyfriend and who i like and blah blah blah. i love her, but she's annoying sometimes. at least she seemed glad about finally being able to fangirl over me and whoever i'm into.

"he really does sound perfect." she said with the same amount of

dreaminess in her voice as i had.

"back off, he's mine," i shoved her playfully.

we laughed and stayed quiet for a few moments, enjoying each other's company and the silence.

"do you think it's wrong?" i asked suddenly, interrupting the quiet.

"what is?"

"that i like him. i'm a country, he's a human. you know the rules, our worlds aren't supposed to collide. he wouldn't be able to know that i'm germany, not luka."

japan stayed silent for a moment, thinking. "do you like him?"

"yes," i answered.

"do you really? do you see a chance to have a future with him?"

"i...i don't know." i replied quickly embarrassed at the question and not really wanting to answer it.

i sighed it off before saying:

"yes. yes, i do like him."

timeskip :0

okay germany. you can do this. i encouraged myself. *worst case scenerio, he'll say no and i'll just quit the job so that i won't have to see him. it's not like i actually need to work in the human world anyway.*

just as planned, japan, who was now a very pretty human girl in the name of kyoshi, walked in happily and smiley with a certain russian by her side. her job was to find him and befriend him, and then suggest to go to the café where he would see germany, —or luka, in this case.

it was quite an amusing sight. an abnormally tall and buff man wearing a ushanka, adidas, boots, and a huge winter jacket next to a small and giggly girl in pigtails and a pink skirt. nevertheless, the plan had succeeded, despite the russian looking like he was dreading every second of this.

his eyes lit up a bit when walked into the building and he saw who was at the counter. i hoped that he was looking at me. the café was quite empty today, leaving no line in which for the man to wait.

"hallo," i greeted, trying not to seem too eager.

he nodded his head in response. "can i have a black coffee please?"

"of course. alexander as the name again?"

"да," alexander said, smiling a bit that i remembered his name.

i pulled out a mug and filled it to the brim with hot coffee. while i was working, he started fidgeting around with his gloves.

"so." he finally stated as i handed him his order. "you know my name. do i get to know yours?" i blushed a bit in surprise. i was supposed to be the one to make the first move, not him. *it doesn't matter, as long as you are talking.*

"luka." i smiled a bit.

"you from around here?" alexander asked as he sipped his coffee. i shook my head.

"germany,"

"ah. that explains the whole blue eyes and blond hair thing you got," he laughed a bit. his smile was cute. he seemed softer today, more friendly.

"wow, how original. shut up, stereotypes aren't real," i rolled my eyes playfully, unable to hold back my grin. "you're russian. that explains why you didn't say anything about the shot of vodka i put in your coffee,"

he smirked.

"i'd like to see you again sometime. what's your number?"

yeehaw time skip and pov change

i happily walked down the long corridor of the EU headquarters. damn it, i did well. i deserve to be proud! it had just been me and luka's second date, and i finally decided that i really liked him. he was super smart, but also funny and modest and sweet. he reminded me a lot of the countryhuman germany, who was my childhood friend.

i sort of developed a crush on him too, but that passed. i have luka now, and luka is probably the best thing that has ever

happened to me since forever. our human ages are close too! he is 18, and alexander, well, me, is 19!

it was so perfect. as if it were destiny.

however for now i will have to shove aside the thoughts of my new boyfriend. i have to give germany a big thank you for luka, even though he didn't know who he was.

i walked and walked until i finally made it to the lunch room, where all the hardworking european countries were taking a break. i spotted my close friends japan and germany across the room, chatting away. i went nearer, curiously eavesdropping on their conversation. luckily, they didn't notice.

"he took me to a restaurant, japan! nobody takes people to restaurants anymore!!" germany exclaimed.

"awww, that's so sweet!! where did you guys go?" japan looked at her friend with supporting eyes. it was clear that she was happy for him, and that she was fangirling *heavily*.

"i don't remember exactly, but it was somewhere near—"

"well, well," i interrupted, smirking micheviously. "ger has a boyfriend, i hear?" i noticed my friend blushing, and i clapped him on the back. "i'm kidding dummy. so who's the lucky gay- i mean guy?"

"hi russ." he laughed. it was nice hearing him laugh, i don't hear him laugh much these days. his laugh was similar to luka's. short and sweet, sort of giggly and wnding with a higher note. "well, i kinda met somebody in the human world,"

"the human world?"

germany nodded.

"he's really sweet. he is a bit mean sometimes, but not in a terrible way. i like him like that. he's funny and he's understanding and really just a great guy,"

"i'm glad to hear that, ger. but more importantly, is he cute or hot?" he sighed and glared at me before laughing again.

"japan asked the exact same thing. looks don't matter!" i looked at him questioningly, raising my eyebrow in a teasing manner. "fine, fine. he's hot. he's really fucking hot,"

"that's my boy!," i roared. my little german baby is all grown up and dating hot guys who take him out to dinner."what's his name?"

"alexander. he's from russia, actually. thank you for creating him," he giggled.

"very nice, very nice. that reminds me why i came here. i found

somebody too! he's also from the human world,"

"really?"

"yep!"

"couldn't have been that hard, everybody's in love with big strong russia." japan giggled, but immediately stopped when i shot her a look.

"*anyways.* he's from germany! so i wanted to thank *you* for creating him,"

"what a coincidence," japan murmured, before suddenly shouting. "i've watched enough anime to know exactly what's gonna happen!!"

germany and i looked at her in confusion.

"russia. your boyfriend a human, correct?" she interrogated.

"yes,"

"does he have blond hair and blue eyes?"

"yes....?"

"is his name luka?"

i got a weird feeling in my stomach. i looked at germany, and he looked at me. i took luka out to dinner in my human form. germany said that "alexander" took him out to dinner. realization dawned to me and germany at the same time. germany is luka. i was dating germany's human form.

"holy shit."

timeskip and pov change again

wow.

russia is alexander. alexander is russia.

i am dating alexander.

or am i dating russia? or both?

confusion stormed through my head, eating me from the inside out. i kind of liked russia, but i sort of abandoned my attraction to him after i met alexander. after i re-met russia.

my mind was at such a state of confusion that i didn't realize

how his eyes were focused on me, eyeing me up and down.

i was so in space and so out of reality that i didn't notice what was happening.

strong and rough hands cupped my face, and gently brought it forward to their own. our lips connected. i didn't kiss back, but i didn't reject. i didn't know how to feel.

do i like him? i know i like alexander. but is russia the same person as alexander? technically yes but i don't know. i like alexander. but i also like russia before alexander came along. but they're the same person. who am i kissing? am i kissing russia or alexander? does it even matter though? if they are the same person but i love them both then what difference does it make—

it was the most impulsive think i have ever done.

i smashed his face closer to fine and kissed him as if there was no tomorrow. he didn't ask for tongue, which i appreciated because i don't know how i would feel about that yet. his lips were nice. they were chapped, but warm and shaped in such a unique way. the hands that cupped my face were so gentle yet so rough. they felt so *safe*.

much to my sadness, russia pulled out of the kiss. he needed to breathe. i needed to breathe too, but i couldn't help but miss his warmth and his magical veil of protection. all of a sudden i trusted him.

i trusted him before too, but this kind of trust....it felt different.

"i like you,"

"no shit, germany," he ruffled my hair before giving my forehead a little peck. "i like you too."

"japan is filming." he noted suddenly.

"let her film, i wanna cuddle,"

"it's still the middle of a work day, in a work building,"

"i don't care." that was the first time that i really didn't care. i just wanted to be with him. i wanted to be held in his strong arms, and i wanted to hug him back and show him that he is loved.

how did i miss this my entire life?

"fine, you little baby. c'mere you-," the russian said as he

pulled me into his arms. *my* russian said as he pulled me into his arms.

_____

2363 words
hi loves, sorry for being ded i had big case of writers block to make up for it, here! have very long oneshot :3
this is my first time writing in pov, tell me what u think!
should i do mor in this style or writing or nah?
hope yall enjoyed
ily <33

11 | bad memories

🪒: male
🪒: male
angst :(
⚠️domestic violence, child abuse, ussr, mentions of nazi germany⚠️
———

"что ты хочешь (what do you want)," a tall man growled, facing the window of his office, refusing to look at the little boy trying to talk to him.

"украина случайно вырвала одно из казахстанских перьев (ukraine accidently plucked out one of kazakhstan's feathers)," the boy said, explaining the situation to his father. the man took a long gulp from his bottle of vodka.

"что вы имеете в виду 'случайно' (what do you mean 'accidently')?" he snarled, stretching out the words slowly.

"м-мы играли (w-we were playing)—" the boy stammered, fearing his father's reaction.

"shut up."

"что?" his voice stammered in fear.

"i said that in english. i expect a reply *in english*, россия," the tall man slowly turned to face his terrified son. it was clear that he was not in a good mood, the smell of alcohol from him was strong and unwelcoming. the little russian federation knew this wasn't a good sign. "where is he?"

this is when the small russian panicked. he knew that if he told him where his little brother was then he would recieve a harsh punishment. he didn't deserve that, it was an accident. russia couldn't let that happen, as the oldest his natural instinct was to

protect them.

"in the kitchen," he said quietly, his breathing subconsciously getting quicker.

his father narrowed his cold eyes at him, now filled with anger. "that's a lie, russia. are you lying to your father?" his voice was low and dangerous. he set down his bottle of vodka, his furious gaze not leaving his son's visibly terrified face. "россия," his voice suddenly softened slightly, showing a hint of pity as he sighed, shaking his head. "ты знаешь лучше, чем врать мне (you know better than to lie to me),"

"папа," russia whimpered, afraid of what will happen next.

and suddenly he fell back onto the floor, his forehead stinging in pain. tears started trickling down his face. "сладкая, сладкая россия (sweet, sweet russia)," the soviet union kicked him hard, him still laying on the floor and silently crying. "всегда терпеливо избивал своих братьев (always taking the beating for his brothers)," the tall country grabbed the boy by the collar of his shirt, shoving his smaller figure up into the air and shoving him back down.

russia hit the floor with a loud thump. his back hurt like hell, his arm was sore and his face was bruised, and the ussr wasn't even halfway through the punishment.

"ты разочарование. такой позор, что мой старший ребенок оказался таким же, как ты (you're a disappointment. such a shame that my eldest son turned out like you)." russia backed into the wall, eyes red and puffy, salty tears streaming down his face. "у тебя был потенциал. но посмотри на себя сейчас (you had potential. but look at you now),"

"папа пожалуйста (dad please)," he chocked out quietly.

"пожалуйста, *что* (please *what*)," the older snarled, leaning down, only to kick him once again. "ты просил об этом (you asked for this)," his fist moved to his son's throat, cutting off his air momentarily. the boy let out a sob, making a poor attempt to

escape his father's grasp. the man's eyebrows furrowed and he shook his head once again with another sigh. ussr released his grip from russia's neck, leaving purple bruises and finger marks.

"ты слаб (you are weak)," he spat, getting up and brushing some dust off of his long winter coat. he took one last look at the boy he called his son before heading out to the door of his office. the blood on the walls didn't bother him.

"я ненавижя тебя (i hate you)," the small federation whispered.

ussr stopped in his tracks.

"что это было (what was that?)?" he growled dangerously. russia gulped.

"n-nothing,"

"no, no. you said you hate me, россия," before russia could reply, his view of the room and his father was blocked out by a sharp pain. he saw only black.

papa had knocked him out.

at least it was him instead of ukraine. at least his younger brother was spared of his pain.

"russ? russland?" a soft and slightly raspy voice asked gently, awakening him from his sleep. "shhh, you're okay, russ. you're okay. you're safe now, i'm here."

he shot up in the bed and started violently hyperventilating. his sweaty hands rushed to his face, making sure that all of his features were in place. they moved to his ears, blocking out all sound as he scrunched up his face. he choked on his own spit, sobbing, not noticing that his boyfriend was beside him trying to comfort him.

germany's hand laid itself on russia's shoulder in an effort to calm him down, resulting in the exact opposite. he jerked away violently and fell off the bed, the pain from the fall making the memories seem so much more real.

"russland," the german pleaded, this time making small and gentle movements toward his lover. "deep breath, deep breath." he saw that the russian tried desperately to follow along. "that's good. you're doing amazing, russland. keep breathing. it was just a dream. breathe, lieber,"

after a few minutes, he calmed down a bit and allowed germany to touch him again. the tall country slumped into germany's arms, hugging him tightly and sniffled, tears still rolling but unable to make let out a legitimate cry.

"shhh, baby, you're okay. it's not real, you're okay. shhh, i'm here," the smaller cooed, holding his boyfriend tight and drawing shapes into his back. "it's okay," the german planted a kiss on his head, and continued cuddling him in a calming manner.

"do you want to talk, liebling?"

"папа," russia sniffed, still embraced in his love's warm arms.

"dream?"

"нет. memory,"

"i'm sorry love,"

"not your fault," he mumbled.

"it's not yours either, russ. you know that right?"

russia remained silent.

"russ." germany said sternly.

"it is my fault though. i knew what was going to happen and i took the beating for ukraine. it was my fault that i was too weak to handle it," he said sadly. "it's my fault that i got beat,"

"no it isn't. the fact that he even beated you and your siblings in the first place isn't your fault,"

"but it is, ger. we annoyed him and we made him mad and he had every right to do so," russia tried to explain.

"russia. your dad had no right to take out his drunken anger on his children. i-i don't even know how to explain it to you. you *don't* beat your kids. that's an awful thing to do. you know your papa wasn't a good person. i know that you still love him despite his cruel ways, i know exactly how you feel. that's how it is with my father too. but that is no excuse to fo this kind of thing,"

he didn't answer.

"c'mon baby, let's get back into bed. i think you need a cuddle session," the slav muttered something incoherent, snuggling closer to his lover's body heat.

as they got back into their shared bed, germany spooning russia despite him being the significantly smaller one in the relationship, he tucked the blanket over their shoulders so that there would be no more cold to remind him of his childhood.

"я люблю тебя, germany."

"i love you too, russ. you'll be okay."

1283 words
sorry for being dead
felt kinda sad so i had motivation to write sad stuff :p
im terrible at naming chapters help
hope yall enjoyed!
ily all, and have a nice rest of your day <3

12 | bang bang

🪒: male
🪒: male
angst
⚠️third reich, ww2, mentions of suicide, funs, gunshots, sad⚠️
song oneshot (bang bang - amilli and annenmaykantereit)
lets try smth new uwu
———

i was five and he was six

we were young. that's what i remember.

we rode on horses made of sticks

i remember that place we always went to. we would always play in the meadow, surrounded by long grass, and neutral colored flowers. there used to be a marvelous landscape, revealing acres and acres of colorful view. but the war changed everything. now it was just ruins, everything a pile of ashes.

he wore black and i wore white

i remember how we would run away to here when our fathers did us wrong. we always had each other, we always were there to talk to one another. we talked about our dreams here, we talked about our fears here. all our memories were here.

he would always win the fight

bang bang

we used to play war here. we would find rocks and pretend that they were guns. the meadow had enough space for us to preyend it was a battlefield.

he shot me down

he always won our play fights.

bang bang

he would imitate the sound of a pistol.

i hit the ground

he was a sweet boy. everytime he pretended to shoot me, i would likewise pretend to get hit. i fell every time. and everytime, he held out his hand to help me right back up.

bang bang

vater used guns a lot. i heard them too often. somebody always had to die. i could never forget the sound of the trigger pulling. a *bang bang* to every person who disobeyed him. he threatened to do it to me too. one day he did it to himself.

that awful sound

but it made my friend happy when we would play. that's what mattered to me.

bang bang

until he became more than a friend.

my baby shot me down

until it was no longer just a game. it was reality.

seasons came and changed the time

i remember the pact vater made with his papa. while they were in meetings, discussing battle tactics and war topics, we were in the meadow.

when i grew up, i called him mine

that is, until the paper was ripped in half. our fathers no longer permitted our friendship. they were now enemies. we were now in war against them.

he would always laugh and say:

i never got to hear him laugh again.

'remember when we used to play'

i remember. how could i forget?

bang bang

no longer a game. the gunshots were real.

he shot me down

i didn't want to hurt him. i still loved him. he had other feelings, though.

bang bang

blood. my blood. his pistol. my war. my fault. i never meant for it to turn out this way.

i hit the ground

he didn't look back. i wished the doctors never found me in that meadow.

bang bang

the gunshot was so loud. but the second it made contact with my skin, it went silent.

that awful sound

vater was wrong. i loved him. i never wanted to hurt him. i never wanted to hurt his family. i hate guns. they reminded me too much

of him. of vater. of the meadow.

bang bang

he trusted me.

my baby shot me down

i deserve it. i hurt the one person i truly loved. i only have this scar, now. exactly 2 centimeters to the left of my stomach.

now he's gone, i don't know why

the war was over. i was hoping i would see him again. i never know what happened to him. i missed him. i missed my love.

until this day, sometimes i cry

more than sometimes. i regret everythig. i want him back. he's all i ever had. vater was never there. east was dead. i had nobody but him. and now i have no one.

he didn't even say goodbye

he suddenly just disappeared. everybody else knew of him and what had happened, but i didn't. i never saw him again. he didn't say goodbye. i didn't even say goodbye. i didn't have a chance to. it all happened so fast.

he didn't take the time to lie

"i love you," he said to me before it all. i believed him.

bang bang

vater killed himself. i am germany now, not him. i was hoping i could see him again.

you shot me down

so now i sit here. back at where it all started.

bang bang

back at the meadow.

i hit the ground

all of the memories replaying. our childhood. my betrayal. his gunshot.

bang bang

waiting for him. hoping that maybe, just maybe, he'll come back to our meadow.

that awful sound

and maybe then i could finally tell him how sorry i was.

bang bang

maybe then i could finally tell him

my baby shot me down

"i love you, russia,"

"i hate you,"
he hated me. and i couldn't blame him.

but i still loved him.
i'll always love him.

---

845 words
kind of a vent oops
sorry its so short
and sad
and unclear about whats rlly happening (i was hoping that that part wouldn't be and then u sorta have to figure it out from the clues if that makes sense)
ily all so so much
have an amazing weekend <3

13 | stinky delivery girl wamen >:(

🪮: male
🪮: male
fluff : >
requested by the fabulous @Fnaduppet
———

around 30 minutes after russia called the pizza place, a soft and rhythmic knock was to be heard from the door of his and his siblings' house, with his boyfriend now staying with them during a visit.
the russian was glad that germany and his siblings got along well, he couldn't imagine how awful it would be if his 15 younger and very passive aggressive siblings didn't like him. the important thing was; as long as they didn't try to kill him every 5 minutes it was fine, and so far that was not happening, much to russia's relief.
"i'll get the door," he mumbled to the smaller country who was snuggled into a pillow beside him. the said country visibly pouted, making it clear that he did not want his lover to leave his side. after all, he was his heater and his teddy bear. "i'll be back soon, Медвежонок (bear cub),"
"nenn mich nicht so, dummkopf (don't call me that, dumbass)," germany grumbled, adorably curling up to the pillow he was clutching, making a horrible attempt at preserving his body heat and staying warm.
"okay, Медвежонок (bear cub)," russia smirked, gently patting his lover's messy hair covered head before turning to open the door to who he assumed was the pizza delivery man.

oh. he opened the door. *pizza delivery woman, i guess.* he thought, giving her a polite smile. she smiled up at the country, who she couldn't see was a country, her eyes closed and her grin a slightly mocking one.
the moment she opened her eyes to see the customer leaning on the

doorway, her smile fell and her eyes widened. the teenager she saw was insanely tall, almost too tall for the doorway. and he was *hot.* oh man was he hot. he had a strong build, broad shoulders and a sharp jawline with very prominent cheekbones.
"good evening ma'am," he greeted, his natural accent slightly slipping. his large and fit figure hid most of what was behind him, meaning she could not see a cranky germany sprawled out on the couch, waiting for his lover to return for his cuddles.
"why so formal?" the girl laughed. "you look around my age. what's your name?"
"doesn't it say my name in the reciept or something?" he said, raising his left eyebrow above the other.
"haha, yes, i was kidding," she chuckled nervously, embarrassed that she hadn't thought of that. "oleg. you're not from around here, huh?"
russia, or 'oleg' just shook his head.
"you're kinda cute, you know that?" the second those words came out of her mouth, the russian felt a pair of eyes on him from behind. probably germany overhearing the conversation. "do you wanna, go out sometime or something?"
"thanks, but no. i'm with somebody already,"
"maybe she doesn't have to know, oleg," the girl winked, her hand sneaking up to touch russia's. this caught him off gaurd, making him flinch. once he recovered from his surprise he shot a glare at her.
"excuse me?" he growled. "first off all, it's a 'he'. second, how *dare* you think that i would ever cheat on the love of my life?"
the girl gulped, regretting her decision as she remembered how buff this guy is.
"i'm not a liar. if i were into you, i would break up with him, not cheat. and i will never *ever* love anybody except him. i would never hurt him purposefully like that."
"yeah, yeah. big guy is honest, good for you. but i bet you i'm hotter than him," she said, with a final blow of courage, trying to win this guy over.
russia took in a deep breath, ready to explode. but then he remembered what germany always said. 'don't let your anger control you,'
"give me the pizza. here's your money. now leave." he said with a low voice, his glare never leaving the sight of the girl.

"i'm sorry," a certain aryan whispered, his head laying on his boyfriend's chest, the rest of his body curling up to his side.
"for what?" his lover replied, planting a kiss on the tip of his nose.
"causing you so much trouble. the girls love you russ, i'm sorry that you're stuck with me when you could be out flirting and fucking whoever the hell you wanted,"
"but i only want you, мальчик (baby boy),"
"i'm sorry. es tut mir leid, russland," he whispered again, burying his face deep in the crook of his lover's neck.
"there is nothing to be sorry about. you are all i have ever wanted, and more. i love you germany,"
"let's just watch the movie," germany sighed sadly.
"haha, uh....about that—" russia smirked.

the movie turned out to be a 200 slide presentation on why russia loves his boyfriend. this was planned even before that stupid delivery girl came and ruined everything.
germany had seemed like he was questioning everything lately. russia could see in his eyes that he was scared and confused, and that he didn't know who to trust or who to listen to. overall, he wasn't in the best mood for the past few weeks.
the tall country wanted to prove to him that he really did love him. he wanted to make these next few days something that his lover would remember forever. germany was the thing he cared for most in the world, and he would *not* let his tust issues turn against russia, too.

by the time the presentation was over, germany was a blushing mess. he didn't know how to respond. even for russia, this was a little extreme. nobody had ever listed so many reasons that they loved him before.
nobody had even told him that they loved him before russia.

he grabbed a fistful of the russian's shirt and pulled him in, smashing their lips together. at first the taller was surprised, but after a few seconds he melted into the kiss, wrapping his arms around his little german baby.

"thank you, russland," germany booped his nose with russia's right after the pulled out of the touch to breathe, now tangled in each

other's arms.

"GAYYYYYYYY" latvia shouted from behind them, making the both jump.
"cyka blyat LATVIA COME BACK HERE"

_____

1078 words
TYSM FOR 100 VOTES OMG I LOVE YOU GUYS SO MUCH
proofread? dont know her
dang im on a publishing streak i suddenly have so much motivation
hope u enjoyed!
ily and i hope you have a good rest of your day <3

pls read

not a oneshot
but this is important so pls read

i know this problem has been addressed many times. we all know that thirdunion is a problematic ship, to say the least. i have something to say that i think should be addressed about it, cus many people kind of think about it and toss this crucial part aside.

the actual ship is controversial, and **it's okay to not like it and it's okay to like it**. that is the point of the countryhumans fandom, to represent countries or entities (historical and present) as a way to educate people, and just to have fun.

the thing is when you make these characters uwu gay twink soft boy whatever and *only* that, it is not okay. **it's fine to ship thirdunion and all that, as long as you portray them in a way that does them justice.** what i see a lot is people casting aside history and pretending history didn't happen, just to make their fanfic cute or whatever. obviously, this happens with every ship in countryhumans fandom, and evidently i'm guilty of it too - just with these two specifically i beg you not to make them only uwu soft boys by nature.

what i'm saying is that you need to be careful with things like this. please keep in mind that this is coming from somebody who **does ship it**. im a fangirl and i admit it, i ship it.

moral of the story: shipping thirdunion is fine!! you go!! do whatever you want <3 just please be careful and mindful abt it

sorry for ranting, i just really wanted to say that
ok love u bye <33

14 | russia is a nice guy, dude

🪒: female
🪒: male
fluff
⚠️east and west germany, post ww2, mentions of nazi germany, mentions of suicide⚠️
btw its in the late 1970's/early 1980's
———

"hey восток(east)," a tall teenage boy called out from behind a shut door. "can i come in?" the boy was purposefully saying his sentence in english, knowing that the girl he loved in a brotherly manner didn't speak russian very well. he remembered the day when she 'entered' the family.

her father, the third reich, had just killed himself. his death indicated the surrender of nazi germany, which led to germany's splitting. everyone who had been involved in the war agreed that east and west germany should not be together anymore out of fear that nazi germany would rise once again.

east was to be sent off to the ussr and his family, and they were her new gaurdians. west had been sent to the western allies - america, britain, and france. the seperation of the twins was not a pretty sight. both kids sobbed and cried. their arms reached for each other, trying to stay together. who could blame them? the only thing they had left was each other, and even that had been taken away from them.

once east germany had arrived in soviet territory, she was immediately brought over to the ussr and his family's house. the soviet union had little mercy to offer. after all, she was related to that cold blooded bastard who betrayed him, that cruel and sad excuse of a man.

the union liked to call his children's kindness to the german pity. kazakhstan, armenia, and belarus liked to call it empathy. the rsfsr

wasn't sure what it was. did the word really matter? was it really so important for the tiniest bit of humanity need to be labelled?

ussr prohibited the use of the german language in his household, thus east having no chances to connect with her native language. naturally, she was made to learn the russian language, yet was always mocked by the ussr for her accent.

"да", a soft voice replied to him.

he opened the door to see his friend with a gloomy expression on her face."you don't have to speak russian, it's just me,"

"mm" she grunted, acknowledging his statement.

"what's up? you don't look so good. are you ill?" the russian asked nervously, noticing how pale and tired she looked. the girl was clutching a pillow to her chest, her legs curled up around it as she lay on the bed.

she snorted. "i'm not ill, russia. you wouldn't understand,"

he tilted his head. "of course i would!" he said, walking to the window and opening the curtains for her - and dark and gloomy room would do nothing to help.

"i appreciate your trying, but you really won't understand thi—"

"tell me already, дура (dumny),"

"fine," the aryan rolled her eyes. "i'm on my period." she took note of her friend's widening eyes and suddenly awkward stance. "i told you,"

"well uh," he scratched the back of his neck, not quite sure how to respond, nor help. "do you want a blanket?"

she just laughed softly in response. "sure. thank you russia,"

the russian nodded his head with a small smile, attempting to reassure his companian. he turned around and shut the door behind him, giving east some privacy as he zoomed down the hallway to

seek assistance. he stumbled into his siblings' shared room, yet finding only his little brother, ukraine, sitting on the floor and doing something, though russia wasn't sure what it was.

"ой! знаешь где бела (oi! do you know where bela is)?"

"вау, похоже, вы очень хотите ее увидеть. а почему ты никогда не с таким энтузиазмом навещал меня в этой холодной темной спальне (wow, you sound really desperate to see her. how come you are never this enthusiastic about visiting me in this cold, dark, bedroom)?" the younger said bitterly, glaring at his brother.

"заткнись украина, у меня сейчас нет на это времени (shut up ukraine, i don't have time for this right now)," russia groaned with impatience. "где она (where is she)?"

"да, конечно. как будто у тебя нет всего времени в мире (yeah, sure. as if you dont have all the time in the world)" he muttered under his breath. "хорошо. потому что я такой *хороший брат*, я скажу тебе где она (but fine. because i'm such a *good brother*, i'll tell you where she is),"

"ну (and)?"

"туалете (bathroom),"

"блин, пошел нахуй (fuck you)," russia glared at his bratty little brother. "Блядь," he groaned again, now he would have to wait until she was done using the restroom. frankly, it wasn't long, but russia was not a patient boy, and he wanted east to feel better as soon as possible.

timeskip

"хорошо, скажи мне еще раз (okay, tell me one more time)," russia asked his sister.

belarus sighed. he was sweet for trying, but truly this boy was hopeless. "может мне стоит это сделать (are you sure you don't want me to do it)?" she offered to him again, knowing that there was no way he wouldn't mess something up.

the taller territory shook his head in response.

"хорошо (alright)," she sighed in resignation, and passed him a piece of paper for him to write a checklist. "сладкая еда, например шоколад или конфеты, (sweet food, like chocolate or candy). тампоны (tampons). грелка (heat pack). понял (understand)?"

"да. спасибо белачка (yes, thank you bela)," he said with a grin.

god help the poor soul who he asks help from at the store, belarus thought.

timeskip again

"извините, вы продаете тампоны (excuse me, do you sell tampons)?" russia asked, slightly out of breath, as he had sprinted the entire way to the local supermarket. the woman at the cash register looked at him with a raised eyebrow.

"тампоны? ты мальчик, зачем тебе тампоны (tampons? you are a boy, why would you need tampons)?"

"они для подруга (they're for a friend)" russia explained to the woman.

"ты настоящий джентльмен, не так ли (you're quite the gentleman, aren't you)?" she chuckled. russia puffed out his chest, proud of himself. "они в четвертом проходе (they're in the fourth aisle),"

"спасибо,"

russia scanned the aisles until he finally found the hygiene section, where he saw many things that he did not know what they were. the russian spotted the tampons, and grabbed them, and clutched the pack tightly along with chocolates and a teddy bear. *if these don't cheer her up*, he thought, *i don't know what i'd do.*

timeskip once again ùwú

"east!" russia barged into the german's room with plastic bags in his hands and a big smile on his face.

"oh, hallo— i mean hello, russ." she corrected herself.

"i have some stuff for you," the RSFSR plopped down on the floor, and patting the rug beside him, beckoning for his friend to come join him in the revealing of his gifts.

"for me?" she tilted her head, dragging her pillow along with her as she made her way to sit beside the boy.

"yes! i know that you're on your period, so i went to the store and got you some things that might cheer you up a bit!" east tried to peek inside the bags but russia playfully shoved her away, wanting to show her himself. "no peeking," he giggled.

"you're so sweet, thank you,"

"why are you saying thank you? you haven't even seen what i got you yet," the russian asked genuinely, raising his brow.

"well then show me, genius," she teased, poking him.

he slowly starting unpacking the bags, explaining each and every thing to east as if it was a rare treasure he had come across and gifted her, although she obviously already knew what they were.

"thank you so much russ, i don't know how to repay you," she said softly, in awe of all the things that russia had gotten *for her*. nobody had shown they truly cared about her as an individual since the seperation. it was refreshing, honestly.

"oh, and one more thing," he reached into the last bag, digging inside until he finally got hold of hi last gift. it was an old movie. east moved her head closer, inspecting it.
her eyes widened before they darted upwards to meet russia's beaming ones.

"russia, no, you know cccp (ussr) won't allow it, german is forbidden—," she said nervously, squeezing her new teddy bear rather tightly.

"shh, calm down. i thought you might miss your culture, so i got a german movie that the cashier said was a classic for you guys. папа won't need to know, we can watch it right here, okay?"

"ich hasse dich so, russland," she said, still not quite believing that her friend had managed to get ahold of a movie in german, let alone bringing him back to the ussr's household where the language was forbidden. east chanted her thanks as she wrapped her arms around russia, giving him a great big hug. she was glad that she was friends with someone like him.

'*when i see west again, i'll make sure to introduce them to each other*' she smiled into russia's shoulder. yeah. west would love him.

1508 words
jesus that took a while to write
i didnt proofread cus thats for the weak 😎
russ is trying his best okay
hope u enjoyed and have an astounding rest of ur day <3333

15 | raindrops

🪮: male
🪮: male
angst again woohoo
imspired by @ibevibinbro
———

rain had a nice sound.
a small *plip plap* from every droplet that made it's way to the ground.
a gentle and rhythmic beat to it, similar to when you tap your fingers along a wooden surface.

the pace of the rain was steady. it hummed outside russia's bedroom window, the bedroom window blocking it from entering to house, much to his disappointment.
it wasn't just the sweet melody of the percipitation that the country loved. the gentle, feather like touches that rained down on his skin. cold, yet friendly and welcoming. rain had a free spirit. unlike snow and sand, you could not control it. it moved on it's own will, being carried only by the winds blowing it in each direction.
the rain helped calm down russia. it soothed him, the natural tune coaxing him out of his troubles.

plip plap, the rain continued.

russia sighed in content, nuzzling his nose into the soft fabric of his teddy bear. he squeezed it tightly, reminding himself that it was real. he was real.

but he wasn't too sure about it. everything felt so out of place. he didn't know how to explain it. it just felt wrong.

but he listening to the rain. the rhythm was clear, staying in perfect line. he followed to *plip plap* with his mind, luring himself out of the confusion.

russia brought the teddy bear closer to his chest, cuddling into it's warmth, as if to shield himself from any potential dangers.

but he was safe. he had his teddy bear. he had the rain. that's

what mattered.

until the rain turned on him. the rain turned into vicious drops, no longer the calming *plip plap*. it hit the ground mercilessly, without a care in the world.

the clouds turned gray. the sun was shielded from view, no light making it through.

thunder.

it woke him up every time.

every boom coming from the skies interrupted his sleep. it was so loud, so uncontrolled.

he liked the rain because it was free. he hated thunder because it was uncontrollable.

lightning.

blasts of light filling the room each time with every strike. the sparks of electricity seemed small, but they caused damage. trees fell down, power in houses went out. russia didn't trust how powerful lightning was.

although he didn't like admitting it, he was scared.

the howling winds didn't help much. the cold air didn't bother him, but when it was cold air slapping him in the face, it wasn't very fun.

the wind sent shivers down the russian's spine.

it felt unnatural.

but russia could not control the weather. all he could do was squeeze his eyes shut and hug his teddy bear, waiting until the storm would pass.

he hated it.

he hated being so vulnerable.

he hated being so scared.

he hated relying on his fear to ground himself.

he hated the rain.

but he loved it, too.

he needed it.

~

germany relaxed into his lover's arms, allowing him to cradle him.

he felt hot breath on his neck from behind, and pictured a sleeping russia with his nose nuzzled there. his heart warmed at the thought. he always felt fuzzy and at home when he was with his boyfriend. he felt safe, protected.

the rough on his hands on his waist momentarily tightened, as if holding on to it for balance. germany heard a shaky breath from behind him, and turned to face the taller.

the aryan cupped russia's face, stroking his jawline gently. this touch woke up the russian.

as soon as he opened his eyes, he squeezed them closed right back again, burying his face into his small boyfriend's chest. every one of his feature fit perfectly with his lover's, as if they were a puzzle.

his grip on germany's waist had gotten tighter, not noticing that his hands were leaving marks.

he felt two hands move their way from his jaw to his hair, gently massaging his scalp while the other played with his messy white hair.

thunder boomed from outside their shared house.

russia snuggled closer to germany for protection, and germany gladly enveloped his boyfriend in a protective hug.

"shhh, liebling. the rain won't hurt you," the western country whispered, attempting to calm down russia.

"i know," the taller country whimpered quietly, face still buried in germany's chest. "i'm not afraid of the rain. it's the thunder,"

russia liked the rain. it was free.

but the familiar *plip plap* could not be heard at this time. only the echoes of the monstorous rainfall beating down on the surface. only the booms of thunder. only the blinding lights of the lightning.

"are you mad at me?" russia whimpered quietly.

"of course not, Schatz. why would i be mad at you?"

"i had a teddy bear," russia said softly before shaking his head. of course, germany had already known this. but sometimes it helped his boyfriend to just talk.

"tell me about your teddy bear,"

"he was small. like you," germany giggled, twirling his fingers through russia's untidy hair. "you smsll nicer though. you smell like conammon and vanilla, he smelled like sweat and tears and blood," germany did not laugh at the one. while his left hand was busy at work playing with his boyfriend's hair, the other came down to his neck to give him a soft massage. "he helped me, like you. he was my best friend, like you. he was always there for me, like you,"

"sounds like i have a lot in common with your teddy bear," the german murmured, planting a kiss on top of russia's head.

"you are my teddy bear now," he replied, nuzzling his nose into the shape of his chest.

"i love you,"

"i miss him,"

"i know,"

"at least i have you. i won't lose you like i lost my teddy bear. right?"

"right."

"do you promise?"

"i promise, love. i promise," germany said.

~

it was a lie.

germany lied to him.

he said he would stay.

well, technically he did. it was russia's fault.

russia had lied.

"i love you, Германия," he whispered to the grave in front of him, laying down a singular red rose.

but even roses have thorns. he hoped germany wouldn't mind.

"i hope i see you again soon, my love. we will meet again," he sniffed. his knees buckled, making him fall to the floor. his face was wet with tears.

now russia had nothing but the rain.

the terrible, beautiful rain.

_____

1076 words
yay angst again
hope u enjoyed
if u want a part 2 lmk, i kinda left off with a weird ending where things were kind confusing
ily and have an amazing day!!!

16 | blushy boi owo

🇨🇦: male
🇩🇪: male
fluff IM SO SORRY FOR THE LAST FEW ONESHOTS
requested by @Bluebunny2017
———

"oh dieu," canada mumbled under his breath, tubbing his temples at the bizarre idea his older brother, the U.S.A, had auggested.

"oh dyoo all you want 'nada, i think this is brilliant," his friend ukraine snickered, mocking his french in a terrible, very obvious russian accent.

"it's really not," he said, looking to poland, hoping that they would back him up.

"why are you looking at me? you know i will take every possible chance to annoy niemcy," the pole giggled, teasing the canadian's awful attempt at stopping them.

they were all sitting around a small, cozy coffee table. america had invited them all over to his house to hang out. germany and russia also reluctantly arrived, however they were sitting on the sofa across the room, engaged in their own seperate conversation.

having run out of conversation topics, the group sat there awkwardly in silence until america came up with a terrible, terrible idea. at least, in canada's opinion. the rest of the countries thought that it was amazing.

the canadian knew his brother. when he was bored, he wanted somebody to torment. in this specific case, it was two very strong countries who don't love pranks. *they're gonna kill us,* canada thought hopelessly, aware that he won't be able to stop the others. maybe he could at least make sure they don't go too far...

short timeskip :0

that didn't go as planned. all germany wanted was to hang out with some friends on a friday night. it started out nice, though. he sat down at his coworker america's house with his old friend russia

and just talked a bit. they haven't interacted much since the reunification, but they were on pretty good terms.

plus, russia was pretty cute. although he would never say it out loud, he knew his friend was not gay, and telling him that would make things awkward between them, just when they started talking again.

but nope.

he should have known the america wouldn't let the peaceful aura last.

"what the fuck?" germany rubbed his fists against his eyes, attempting to clear his view of wherever he was. he turned around and surveyed the area.

he was standing in the middle of a dimly lit room. there seemed to be some strange looking furniture around him, with little lanterns and small desk spaces. but something was weird. his movements seemed to be limited.

the aryan looked down at the floor and saw....russia?

"russland? oh gott, russland wake up," germany pleaded, shaking his friend awake. "oh thank god you're alive,"

"hey, ger," russia mumbled sleepily. "where are we?" he took a glance around the room. "what happened? why are our hands chained together?"

"i'm not sure. i assume somebody knocked us out," the shorter country explained.

"it's probably that bastard Америка—" his companian growled.

"you know Amerika. if it was him then it was probably his idea of a joke,"

"knocking out your guests isn't very funny,"

"everything is funny to the american." neither of them bothered to hide their eye roll. as they noticed the other did it as well, they started snickering,

"how are we going to get out?" russia asked suddenly after the laughing died.

"i'm assuming there is a way, america may be stupid, but he isn't dumb. i took a look around the room befoe you woke up. it seems like there are puzzles or something here,"

russia got on his feet and brushed the dust off his adidas jacket with his free arm. he adjusted his famous ushanka before dramatically clearing his throat.

"where shall we start, добрый сэр (good sir)?"

"well, i guess we have to find the key, oder?" germany chuckled lightly at his friend's act. this was going to be hard, he sighed. not because russia wasn't smart, no. russia was practically a genius, but the german knew how easily frustrated he could get when his plans didn't work. "look around the room, see if you find anything that pops out to you," he suggested after a few moments of silence.

"germany. we're chained together. how the fuck am i going to do that,"

"look around from where you are,"

"hmm. it would be a lot easier if i could just—," russia grumbled before pulling hard at the metal laces. "—break them open,"

"not everything can be solved by destroying something, russland. let's try to find the key so that we can get out safely," the shorter country said to his companian before turning around and scanning the room

bingo. there was something there that was shining brightly in the right corner of the room. however, that little glimmer of light was blocked by a weird, large box. germany frantically opened it, forgetting that his left arm could not be used, as it was tightly tied to another's.

"sorry," he mumbled to the russian after he realized that he jerked his friend's hand quite harshly. his attention returned to the box in front of it, eyes sparkling with ancipitation.

the country's tricolored hand moved carefully over to the lid of the large object before swifty lifting it and placing it onto the floor beside him. poor russia couldn't really do anything since he was tied to germany, so he was forced to slump around while germany worked.

russia's head eventually made it to his knees, who were squeezed in close to his chest, making the tall country a big ball of red, white and blue.

"you okay?" a certain german asked as he took the break from his thinking and analyzing.

"how are you so fucking good at everything, it isn't fair. i'm forced to stand here and be *me* next to someone like *you*, and i'm not even trying to help and i'm so fucking stupid and i'm a useless bag of shi—,"

it hurf germany to see his friend like this. he never meant for russia to think that he was better than him, je never meant to make him feel bad. he wanted to do something, he wantd to do something *so bad*. but he didn't know what.

he just couldn't look at russia's beautiful face filled with such sadness and self-doubt. germany knew how much more he was than this stupid prank. he was worth more than the sun.

but he didn't know what to do.

so he kissed him.

right on the lips.

out of no where, right in the middle of russia's rambling.

he had nice lips. they were warm, chapped however soft. he could taste some faint vodka on his gorgeous, gorgeous pink lips. it was perfect.

he had forgotten russia was not gay.

he had forgotten that russia was only his friend,

he forget that they were *chained together, and how fucking awkward this will be.*

the kiss wasn't long. it lasted less than a second, more like a peck than an actual kiss. it wasn't enough time to feel if russia was kissing back or not. all germany knew was that he was now a very bright shade of red

"you're not stupid, russland. you're so so smart, and you're so brave and kind and loveable and handsome and—"

he stopped when he saw his friend's free thumb touch his lips. but wasn't russia straigh—

it was the taller country's turn to kiss him. this time it was more

than a peck.

russia smashed their lips together, opening his mouth slightly to add in some tongue. germany had a peculiar taste. he tasted like cigerettes and honey and beer. it was an weird combination, but it definitely kept things interesting.

timeskip again woohoo

they walked out of the room holding hands that were no longer chained together. ukraine was the first of the group to notice their laced hands and called it out like the annoying little brother that he is.

this made russia blush a bit.

yeah, he liked germany. but he wasn't sure if ger wanted to have a label for it yet.

ukraine took note of this as well. "oh! is the big strong russia *blushing?* who would have thought such a powerful country could have feelings for one—"

"ты маленькая сука (you little bitch)," russia growled before placing a light kiss on germany's cheek, shortly after seem chasing ukraine and evidently trying to murder him.

oh sheiße, the aryan thought, *he kissed me in front of everyone oh gott*

he hid is face in his arms, and turned his head from the others so that they could not see the flustered mess that he had become.

"so how'd you like the escape room?" america suddenly laughed loudly, interrupting the commotion.

"i hate you," said russia before changing his target to him. america quickly realized this and started to run.

"я люблю тебя" he said, turning briefly to germany before running after the pesky american.

"i love you to, russland," the shorter mumbled before turning an even darker shade of red.

1532 words
i havent been in a escape room in so long what am i doing

thanks for requesting
i hope yall enjoyed
ily and have a great day!!!

17 | happy halloween

🇩🇪: male
🇷🇺: male
fluff
halloween special :3
———

"oh my god, russland, this is ridiculous," germany said, looking into the full body mirror with a raised eyebrow. "i am *not* leaving the house in this,"

he gestured to his outfit, a snow white costume with a bow in his hair. his slightly older but *much* taller boyfriend only giggled.

"it's adorable, мой медвежонок (my little bear cub)," he said, his tricolored hand covering his smile in order to not anger his lover even more.

"don't call me that. and no, it's not adorable, it's weird and itchy," he whined, groaning dramatically as he dropped himself into russia's arms, buring his sharp nose in his chest.

"you'll survive," the slav sniggered and he hugged his boyfriend, comfortingly having a hand wrapped over his shoulder while the other was set sound on his waist. he planted a kiss on top of germany's head as the shorter grumbled something incoherent.

"well if i'm forced to wear something stupid then you have to do it too," the aryan said as he pulled out of the hug, looking up at his boyfriend with a wicked grin. he visibly pondered for a moment, two of his fingers gently rubbing his chin until he finally found an idea. "put this on," he said, handing russia a weird looking bag.

~

"nice costume, russia," a voice snickered from behind them.

"what are you supposed to be?" russia asked, his face still and emotionless, as if always was around people who weren't germany.

"i'm the joker, grizzly," the american teased, pointing his finger at russia's bear costume.

"you are the joker, or you are the joke?" he laughed bitterly, flashing a glare at the shorter american in front of him before turning back to his boyfriend. "i'm blaming you for this," russia whispered to him, resulting in a bunch of giggles from the german. russia just sighed and ruffled germany's hair, forgetting for a moment that they weren't alone.

"ha," america laughed, as he turned and walked away.

"gott," the aryan giggled again, holding on tightly to his boyfriend's hand.

russia took a look down at him.

despite all of his earlier teasing, he really was gorgeous. screw whoever said guys can't wear dresses, russia was loving every moment of this.

the fabric hugged his waist neatly, revealing his feminine curves, until the blue transformed into yellow and fell out, no longer tightly showing off his perfect body. the skirt part of the dress wasn't necessarily poofy, but it definitely had some layers. the cute little bow entangled in his now scruffy blond hair was red, and matched the rest of the costume quite nicely.

although germany's face showed him being annoyed and grumpy about what his lover had supposedly forced him to wear, but russia knew that he enjoyed wearing dresses. but only when he was alone, of course, and occasionally with russia.

he wasn't complaining. his shorter boyfriend was super hot. the only thing that he did not appreciate was that there were other people there to see it.

the couple, along with every other country, had been invited to a party, hosted by america, celebrating one of the american's well known holidays, halloween. it had taken days for germany to convince russia to go, and despite his hate for america, he went along to make germany happy.

"this is stupid," russia mumbled to his lover, not liking the loud music and the chaotic energy. he only enjoyed this kind of thing when he was drunk, or when he was with the right people. this was not either of those cases.

"do you *really* hate it that much?" the shorter asked, a hand

wrapped around his arm comfortingly.
the slav just nodded, slightly guilty that he was forcing germany to leave.
"okay, Lieber. i will go for a moment to thank america for the invitation, and then we will leave. does that sound okay?" he asked in a gentle voice.
"хорошо, мальчик (okay, baby boy)," the taller replied, shooting a small smile at his boyfriend.
germany returned the smile quickly before rushing off to find the american.

~

"c'mon baby, it was good we went. even if it wasn't very fun, at least we got out of the house, right?" germany said, cupping a certain russian's face before giving him a soft peck on the nose.
russia grumbled something incoherent before snuggling closer to his precious and adorable boyfriend. it was his turn to cover germany's face with kisses, leaving the shorter a blushing mess.
"russsss," he groaned, giving up. he buried his face in his lover's chest and wiggled a bit, getting comfortable, before sandwiching his arms between himself and russia. "i love you,"
"я тоже тебя люблю," russia sighed contentedly as nuzzled his nose into his lover's sharp features. his hands wandered around his body, exploring the curves and the edges that he already knew so well. he finally rested one hand on his waist and another cupping the smaller's face. "you're so beautiful," he whispered, pressing his body even closer to his own.

ding

germany shot up from the russian's arms, startled at the sound. he

looked down at his boyfriend who was frowning at his sudden loss of warmth.
"did you invite someone?" he asked, confused on why somebody would be ringing their doorbell at this hour.
"mm-mm," he shook his head, refusing to open his eyes.
"sheiße," germany groaned, falling back onto the bed. "it's probably some kids who are trick or treating,"
"mm," russia mumbled again, his arms reaching out once more to cuddle his lover.
"are we turning into those guys who pretend to not be home just because they don't want to feed children?"
"mhm,"
"are you even listening, russland?"
"mm-mm," russia made grabby hands, pulling his lover close to his chest and burying his nose in his nape. the aryan sighed, finally allowing his boyfriend to give him affection.
"i love you," the slav mumbled sleepily. "say it backkk," he groaned when he noticed that germany didn't respond. he furrowed his eyebrows, and suddenly grinned wickedly with an idea, eyes finally opening.
he snuggled his little bear cub tightly before screaming out "BOO" germany jumped, all of a sudden wide awake. he shot up and accidently tipped himself over and fell off the bed. "rUSSLAND," he shouted.
he caught sight of his huge boyfriend cackling evilly on the bed.
"happy halloween, медвежонок (bear cub)," he laughed, looking down at the angri country who was still dramatically laying on the floor.
"fuck you," germany said before climbing back on the bed and play-punching russia on the arm. he squirmed again, cuddling closer to the taller's body heat.
"are you gonna say it back now?" he asked innocently, resting his arms around his boyfriend again.
"i love you too," he sighed, goving in to his lover's puppy eyes. "if you weren't so cute, i would murder you right now,"
"i know," russia smiled, kissing germany's forehead in response.
"happy halloween," he grumbled.

———

1196 words
yayayay soft bois again
russia loves tormenting ger >:3
happy halloween (soon) to my american friends
hope u enjoyed
have a fantastic day! <33

18 | drunk idiots watch dumb cooking show

🪮: male
🪮: male
fluff

---

only the small giggle of a relatively short european country could be heard besides the angry yelling and cussing.
"russland, calm down," the smaller laughed, placing his tricolored hand on his boyfriend's shoulder. "i think that's enough vodka for today, babe,"
"no!! look at it, this is outrageous," a much taller countryhuman hiccuped furiously, shoving his index finger in the direction of the television screen, only to be held back by his lover. "they're doing it all wrong!" he shouted drunkedly, the several bottles of vodka there were had already been drowned down his throat. "who do they think they are, *destroying* my food like that, destroying my *culture*," germany held in a snort as he heard his boyfriend dramatically wail in agony.
"this is *not* how you make pelmeni, ger!!" russia yelled again, this time flopping down onto germany's lap and pouted, with his eyebrows harshly furrowed.
"they're trying their best, Süßer," the smaller said gently, the alcohol miraculously not yet corrupting him.
" 's not best enough," the slav grumbled, his childish pout getting more intense by the second.
"give them a break, tough guy," germany hummed, tapping his pale fingers on his lover's shoulder.

the night had started out pretty well, actually. germany and russia had gone out to the local bar, planning for a nice little late night drink.
this, however, quite quickly became a drinking *session*, meaning they were getting drunk as fuck. russia, as usual, got drunk quite

quickly, while his boyfriend was still not completely under the spell of alcohol.
he noticed early that russia was getting aggressive, and quickly rushed the both back to their shared house, where germany was left to deal with a tallass, dumbass, and now slightly jackass russian. as soon as they got home, russia went to the remote control and went to netflix, where he found a cooking show.
turns out, this was a show that cooked dished from all over the world. and the first episode just happened to be russia, which was bound to upset the country somehow eventually.

and there they were, germany sipping on a bottle of beer while russia complained about the way these people who dared call themselves 'chefs' were making his precious food.
"i will NOT," russia snorted grumpily, his anger resembled that of a small child who had to do chores, "how would YOU feel if this were BRATWURST,"
"i would be fine, because i know that they are probably not ethnic germans and they are just trying as best as they can," he said calmly, bringing the beer back to his lips and tilting the bottle upwards, forcing the beverage to leak down into his mouth.
"i'd like to test that theory,"

"oh mEIN GOTT RUSSLAND NEIN BITTE MAKE IT STOP" he screeched in agony, his screams almost identical to his boyfriend's earlier ones.
"WHAT DID I TELL YOU," russia yelled back, wrapping the smaller country in his arms, as if to protect him from the evil TV screen that was showing him the most awfully made bratwurst on earth.
"NOOOOOO" germany cried, the alcohol finally getting to his brain, his mind finally lost.
"AHHHHHHHHHHHHH" russia screamed. finally, his lover understood how *painful* it was to see the destroyed pelmeni.

timeskip UwU

russia groaned. his head hurt, he felt dizzy and weird. he didn't even want to open his eyes, the hangover was very strong today. but all that went away when he realized the source of his heat on this cold, cold morning. his arms were wrapped around a familiar tricolored country, whose nose was buried in the crook of his neck. his breathing was soft, steady. it calmed russia, the aura helped ground the tall country and awaken him.
his hand moved from his waist to his golden hair. he twirled his fingrs through the locks of messy and tangly hair that was atop germany's head.
after a few minutes, the hand continued on it's adventure, slowly creeping down the country once more until it reached his chest when his own hands were curled up, sandwiched in between the two,
russia allowed his fingers to trace the smaller's hand, then finally lacing his fingers with his own.
"доброе утро, малыш (good morning, baby boy)," he whispered, tightening his grip momentarily.
"mm -morgen," germany mumbled sleepily. he, too, had eventually managed to get drunk, almost as much as russia. germany snuggled closer into his boyfriend's embrace, trusting that the taller would provide him not only warmth, but also love and protection.
the slav planted a kiss on his lover's forehead, excited to see those gorgeous baby blue eyes flutter open.
"i love you, медвежонок (bear cub)," russia smiled contently, his free arm resting itself on top of germany's chest, allowing better access to the steady breathing of the german,
"w-what happened last night?" the smaller askd tiredly, not seeming to remember anything that happened. his head hurt and the last thing he could remember was finishing a bottle of beer.
russia just laughed in response to his question.
"well?"
"we got super mad over some cooking show that didn't know how to make our cultural food. then we went to bed and fu—"
"oKAY THAT'S ENOUGH,"

well. maybe that was the reason his body hurt more than usual, even during a hangover.

_____

925 worda
wtf did i just write
i have no idea how to end oneshots lol
im sleep deprived rn so i will prob rewrite later
hope you enjoyed anyway
have a great rest of your day <33

19 | raindrops pt 2

🪒: male
🪒: russia
angst
⚠suicide, PLEASE dont read if this might trigger you or make you feel uncomfortable in any way <3⚠
bruh what are these titles
———

the aryan shivered.
all the windows were closed, there was no way the wind could have gotten in. still, goosebumps formed on his pale skin, causing him to curl up even closer to himself in an effort to preserve his remaining body heat.
his eyes squeezed shut, his eyebrows furrowing and his chin buried so deep into his own chest that it was hard to see.
it was cold.
outside, inside, t-shirt, sweater. it was cold.

cold and dark.
germany's least favorite combination, now surrounding him, reminding him of every past mistake, every regret, every wrong step and every wrong turn.
his teeth chattered. he pulled his thick blanket closer to his body.
he could fight the cold.
but the dark was a different story.

the dark was everywhere. in his imagination, in reality. beneath the ground and in the sky. in the seas and in the caves. the lack of light was neverending.
someone had once told him to find the light. the same someone who told him to fight back, and not to let his fear control him.
it was easier said than done. but germany tried. just for him. *just for him,* he would tell himself. *just for him i would go to the ends of the earth.*

but then he left.
and the darkness stayed.

the darkness *always* stayed.
the german tried to focus on the positive, as he had always recommended that he do. however it only made him think of him more, resulting in flashbacks and painful memories.

and now he slept alone. in the dark. shivering endlessly.
a single tear rolled down his face, the warm liquid slightly relaxing the muscles in his face. but the teardrop left a cold afterfeel on his cheek.

if only his hand was wrapped around him now. if only his nose was in the nape of his now. if only he could be tangled with him once more.

but those were all just stupid wishes.
he knew that they were done. he knew that there was nothing left of their relationship.
but, still. germany missed him.

"*i'll always love you,*" the aryan laughed bitterly at the memory. he was so naive. how could he have truly believed the words that his former lover had spoken?
he remembered his rough, long fingers that laced perfectly with his own, as if it were a mold. his hands were big, yet gentle and soothing.

germany would never get to feel those magic making hands ever again.

but russia had found somebody new.
germany knew it was bound to happen eventually, but he still hoped. he still hoped that he would get to keep the russian.
oh, how wrong he was.

"ich liebe dich, russland. even if you don't love me back," he whispered. "i love you so so much,"
he hoped he was happy. he hoped america knew how lucky he was to have russia. he hoped rusaia wouldn't forget him, although he couldn't blame him if he did.

he hoped it would be okay in the end.

even though he knew it would never.

his cold, almost lifeless hand crept up to the nightstand beside his bed.
his hand found it's way around the pistol, memorizing it's shape, sliding down his fingers to the trigger.

he laid the gun against his temple.

"i'm sorry," he whispered, taking one last look into the darkness.
one last look at the world.

bang.

631
sorry for being so short again
very venty today lmao i miss my bf sm
ily all so so so so so so so much
i hope you have a great rest of your day <333

20 | raindrops pt 3

🪒: male
🪒: male
angst
⚠️ mentions of suicide, plz dont read if you are sensitive to this <3, suicidal⚠️
———

"listen, ger," he started, letting out a puff of cold breath. winter was drawing near, concluding in him wearing multiple layers, with his ushanka sitting cozily on top of his messy hair. the messy hair that he once ran his fingers through every morning, brushing out the tangles. the messy hair that always had that faint scent of firewood. "i like you," the smaller country looked at the taller, his eyes watery, but refusing to let any tears fall.
"but...not like that. anymore." he explained. he wished there was a better way to tell him. he wished there was a way that would not hurt him.
the truth was, russia still liked him.
but he also liked him.

it was complicated.
but he felt like he would be lying if he stayed in a relationship where he even might have liked somebody else. it would make him feel like a cheater. and russia was not a cheater.

he just couldn't explain it.
he couldn't explain why he liked the snobby, spoiled, self absorbed son of a bitch that america was. why would he like somebody like him when he had the sweet and loving and smart germany already.
it's not like he chose to like america. he couldn't help himself. every once in a while when the america revealed his electric blue eyes under his sunglasses, russia could feel his heart skipping a beat. they had that little twinkle in them that he just couldn't explain.
fuck, he couldn't explain anything.

"oh," germany said, almost whispering. he lowered his eyes from the taller and gazed down sadly at the floor.

'oh,' he had said. of all the ways he could have replied he decided to say 'oh'. the simplest answer. but it hid so much underneath it. it hid so much hurt under it. russia could feel the longing pain in his chest.
"i'm so sorry, Германия,"
"it's okay," the german smiled weakly, not even bothering to hide his sharp teeth. "i hope you're happy with him,"

he hoped so too.

it turned out they were both wrong.

two soft knocks could be heard from outside the door to a certain aryan's house. after about a minute waiting, to which the visitor recieved no response, he tried knocking again.
he was met yet again with dead silence.
russia shivered slightly. it was not often that he was cold, but he too, had to admit that it was quite chilly. even his long winter jacket could not sheild him from the winds. he slightly adjusted his gray scarf, taking a deep breath before clearing his throat.

"Германия?" he called out the name of his former lover.
still no reply.

russia looked down at the bouquet of roses he had hand picked for germany. some of them had flakes of snow on them. some were a bit dirty, some were already starting to wither.

he hoped germany didn't mind.
"Германия," he said again, this time a little louder. after waiting only a few seconds more, he slowly opened the doorknob.
surprisingly, it was unlocked.
the door creaked open, revealing a house that was quite clearly no longer a home. everything was neat and tidy. a little bit *too* neat and tidy, even for germany. the house was spotless, all furniture was set up nicely and the floors were shiny.

something was off.
his thick eyebrows furrowed as his nose caught on to something.
there was a strange scent lingering in the air.
somthing was *very* off.

he cautiously set down the roses on the counter and looked around the space ahead of him suspiciously. he quietly crept up the stairs to reach the next floor, where he met a narrow hallway leading to a bedroom and what he assumed was an office.

his mouth fell open. he dropped the note he was holding in his hand.
time slowed down as he tried to rush into the room, grabbing hold of the body and clutching it protectively in his arms. warm liquid rolled furiously down his cheeks, his eyes squeezed shit, hoping that what he saw wasn't real.

but it was.

"no," he whispered, choking on air. "no, no, no, no Германия no

no this isn't happening please Германия please please please," he sobbed, gripping the dead body closer and closer, as if clinging on to some foolish string of hope that germany was still alive.

he saw the wound. it was clear what happened.

the german shot himself.

and there he was now, dry blood plastered around the lifeless corpse, somehow even more blood managing to pour out. there was no heart beat.

russia would never hear the rhythmic beat of the aryan's heart ever again.

"i'm so sorry, germany. i was so dumb, i don't know what i was thinking. i never loved america. i only loved you. i'm so so sorry. i'm so sorry, my love," he whispered, salty tears to daring to stop falling. "please," russia choked out. "please don't go,"

drip drop.
the rain poured outside.
he missed him.
drip drop
where was the calming rain when he needed it?
drip drop

he had an idea.

drip drop.

"maybe it's time to join you, Германия," russia laughed sadly, looking over to the same pistol his lover had used to kill himself. "maybe it's time we reunite,"

he smiled weakly, stopping himself.

germany wouldn't want that. he needed to remind himself. he was here for a reason.

he was here for him.

"i love you, germany," he said, looking away from the gun, closing his eyes once more to return to the bliss of sleep where he was haunted by his past and his regrets.

he snuggled into hs teddy bear.

plip plap, the rain sang.

maybe it would be okay.

plip plap

maybe he should live until tomorrow

plip plap

maybe tha's what germany would have wanted.

1016 words
heck im done w this mini series thingy majigy
anyhow
hope you enjoyed
have an amZing rest of your day <33

21 | laced fingers and attached hands

🪮: male
🪮: male
angst bUT ITS NOT AS BAD I PROMISE—
song oneshot again
"sorry" - halsey
———

i can sometimes treat the people
that i love like jewelry

the iron cross always felt cold in my palms. even when i was younger and more naive, something was always cold about it. i had mixed feelings for the symbol. i didn't realize that it didn't just represent one thing.

cus i can change my mind each day

i never decided what it meant to me. was it an artifact or was it a piece of garbage that reminded me of my past for no reason?

i didn't mean to try you on

i didn't realize that it didn't only represent what he thought it did. i didn't realize i was hurting people in the process of trying to discover myself.

but i still know your birthday

i smile at the memory. june 12, your birthday. i remember every affectionate kiss and every endless cuddle from that night. i remember taking you out to get ice cream despite the weather being gray. i remember your beautiful smile, and your lips on mine. i remember it all.

and your mother's favorite song

my smile faltered a bit. russia's mother had left his family a long, long time ago. it was an unspoken truth. any mention of her would turn his mood bad.

i'm sorry to my unknown lover

i just don't understand.

sorry that i can't believe

you've told me over and over again, 'i love you'

that anybody ever really, starts to fall in love with me

i just don't understand. how could someone like you love someone like me? i'm a mess, a total wreck. why would you choose this load of garbage when you have so many other options?

so i'm sorry to my unkown lover

i don't deserve you. and you deserve so much better than me and my shit.

sorry i could be so blind

i know you want me to try to find the good in things. but i can't see anything, russ. i can't see the light in me. i know you want more from me. i'm sorry i can't give you the everything.

i didn't mean to leave you
and all of the things that we had behind

is that what i am doing? just abandoning everything? abandoning us? no, no, no this isn't what i meant to do...

someone will love you
someone will love you
but someone isn't me

i'm lying to myself. i know i love you. i know i can't hide. but i

want to, i want to so bad. i know i can't drown myself in self pity and expect it to solve all my problems.

i run away when things are good

it's all too good to be true.

i never eally understood
the ways you laid your eyes on me
the way that no one ever could

i still don't get how you could like me. i'm a monster. i'm just like him. why do you see me differently? why don't you think of me like others do?

and so it seems i broke your heart

it was mutual. i love you, but i don't want to hurt you. i can't hurt you, russia. i can't. i'll never forgive myself. i can't live in more and more and more and more regret.

my ignorance has struck again

i never meant for it to turn out this way.

i failed to see it from the start

i always knew i loved you. i never believed that you felt the same way towards me. i assumed it was nothing. i assumed we were a couple, nothing more. i never believed you would want anything more.

and tore you open till the end

i didn't mean to hurt you. i was trying to protect you from myself. i never meant to cause you even more pain.

and i'm sorry to my unknown lover
sorry that i can't believe
that anybody ever really starts to fall in love with me

i'm just so lost. it wasn't supposed to turn out like this.

sorry to my unknown lover
sorry i could be so blind

it's my fault. if only i let you in, maybe we could be together. maybe we could be something.

didn't mean to leave you
and all of the things that we had behind

but no. i had to push you away. i had to be a stubborn fuck and refuse to accept love or emotions. it was supposed to be a toll on me. i don't deserve you. i didn't mean to hurt you.

and someone will love you
someone will love you
someone will love you
but someone isn't me

i lied again. i keep lying to myself. i know the truth deep inside. i know someone is me.

i look over at the country whose back was turned to me. i was sitting behind him, allowing only my head to turn behind and face him. he didn't look back. i only saw his ushanka covering most of his face, and his head bowed down, curled into his lap, rolled up like a ball.

i reach out my hand.

the tall grass in which we sad in tickled my fingers as they glided through the air and made their way to russia. i gently place my palm on his arm, since his hands were tucked away somewhere in the middle of the ball he was in.

he flinched, releasing himself from the tense ball that he was earlier, and looked looked at me with a surprised and confused look.

i take advantage of his now free hand.

i gently got a hold of it and laced my fingers through is. he looked at me skeptically before he finally understood.

no words had to be said.

it was just me and him.

i could feel the tension between us slowly slip away as we held hands. that's all that needed to be done.

_____

1031 words
song oneshots are rlly fun sorry-
kinda angst i guess? not quite sure what this is
hope you enjoyed!
have an amazing rest of your day <33

22 | duet! ft guitar B)

🎸: male
🎸: male
fluff
dedicated to thee, Fnaduppet <3
———

germany groaned.

he didn't wanna. he was lazy and sleepy and all he wanted was for his boyfriend to come back to the sofa with him to heat him up and protect him from the cold winds from outside their cozy apartment.

"russsss," the small country complained, wrapping his arms tightly around a pillow, trying to get as much warmth as possible, despite his lover not being beside him. "can't we just cuddle instead? i'm tired and my throat hurts,"

the taller pouted, visibly upset that his companion did not want to do it with him. "aww, okay," he said sadly, making a big show of his agony.

germany rolled his eyes. he was already used to russia's dramatic actions in order to get what he wanted, and he hated that he couldn't resist those hazel puppy eyes of his.

"russland, stop with the puppy eyes. i. am. not. singing." russia frowned again, his big eyes geeting even bigger as little reflections of light appeared over his pupils. "fine," germany finally gave in, earning a big smile and a whoop from his boyfriend. "but only because i love you. don't let it get to tour head, big guy," he joked, poking the russian's shoulder.

russia, who was absolutely delighted at his success, grabbed the aryan by the hand and gently shoved him off of the couch and into his arms.

"i'll go get my guitar," he said excitedly, his shining smile and twinkling eyes melting germany's heart. he let go of his lover to run quickly into another room and get the instrument.

why do i love him so much, the german thought to himself, smiling softly at how adorable his boyfriend. he was proud that he

was his lover, and he was flattered when he found out that he was the only person who knew about this sweet side of russia.

timeskip yay

"you ready, baby boy?" the bigger country cooed.

"shut up. and yes, i'm ready," germany groaned again, preparing himself for an agonizing era for his dry throat. his incredibly handsome lover sat in a chair across from where he stood, his fluffy brown hair tucked under his famous ushanka. only a few tuffs of hair could be seen from under the hat.

russia was wearing a tank top despite it being winter, which gave germany a very nice view of his firm muscles. his guitar was sitting comfortably in his lap, one hand holding it close to his chest to keep it steady while he played, and another with which he played the chords.

germany blushed. he was so lucky to have him.

"what are you blushing about?" russian laughed when he noticed the red on his smaller boyfriend's face.

"shut up," he repeated. "i'm not blushing,"

"whatever you say, bear cub~" the taller smirked in amusement, finding it quite funny how easily flustered his boyfriend could get. "anyway, enough yip yap. shall we begin?"

germany nodded, signaling russia to start strumming.

germany watched russia's long fingers who he knew so well glide themselves against the strings of the guitar. each subtle movement had an impact in the sound, each small stroke proving the perfection of this russian. his love for his passions. his dedication and his hard work.

even with a tune as simple as this one, russia still managed to

find the best ways to impress germany.

the rhythmic strumming stopped for a moment in which the country took a look at the smaller, and then continued. as they agreed earlier, this was germany's signal to start singing.

his mouth opened, and a slightly raspy but soft and angellic sound came out. his voice quickly grew to be louder than the guitar, adding a few riffs here and there.

his voice was unlike any other. there was a unique echo to it, and a beautiful style of singing. his interpretations of how the music was written were different than anything russia had ever seen before. germany had a natural talent. unfortunately, he was only comfortable singing with his boyfriend, and nobody else.

russia decided to join in a bit with the voice art. his low voice created harmony with germany's. this resulting in a beautiful sound let out into the air.

although to many people it sounded like just some singing, it meant a lot more to both sides of the duet. for germany, singing helped him unleash his emotions from outside of him. it helped give him something to relate to and be a part of. or, better said, something that was a part of him. germany never believed he was a good singer, but his raspy voice with the soft hint felt like honey on your throat. rough, yet it glided through almost perfectly.

to russia, his guitar was everything. sure, it was nice singing sometimes with his boyfriend, but that just didn't give him that click. every strum on every cord helped release the things that he kept bottled inside, while at the same time drowning away his troubles. when things got overwhelming, he played. when he was stressed or upset or confused, he would play. the rhythmic beat calmed him. when he played, it was just him and his music. when he played, he was immune.

and so they sang.

and so the couple conducted their music together, bringing themselves even closer to each other than before.

timeskip again

"you promised me cuddles, russ!" germany whined. "i can't believe my own *boyfriend* would backstab to me like that!" he gasped dramatically and looked away, making a *hmph* sound.

"and you know what?"

"what?"

"you're gonna get them, but just because i'm such a good boyfriend," russia winked at the smaller, making him giggle.

the slav pulled the german into his arms and flopped down onto the couch with him. he allowed germany to spread himself on top of him and curl closer to the warmth of his chest and his neck.

'"love you," russia sighed contentedly.

"love you too, asshole."

1029 words
i was half asleep when writing this plz forgive me
ily all
have an amazing rest of your day!!

23 | always

🪒: female
🪒: male
hurt/comfort fluff :D
requested by an evil narwhal (hahaha see what i did there? ah? ahhh?) @theEVILnarwhal
———

all russia wanted was a bottle of vodka from his favorite liquor store.
it was supposed to be a 10 minute trip to walk there and then head home, right as he got off from work. but no, of course everything *had* to go wrong.
his boss had to keep him in a bit over his regular work hours, which that alone frustrated him very much. he was already working around 50 hours per week, which was at least 10 hours more than the usual. many nights he would come home to his cozy apartment at unusually late times, only because he had *so much fucking work*.
and now, UN decided to keep him today for an extra hour to handle some of his lazy ass coworkers' paperwork.
he was hoping to at least get some nice, refreshing, and familiar vodka on his way home. but with his luck, the store was closed, as it was already too late for it to be open.
and of course, he just had to stumble in to his least favorite country in the world, america. somehow that managed to get his mood even worse.

once the russian *finally* arrived back home, he immediately flopped down on the couch and groaned loudly. he reluctantly loosened his tie and unbuttoned his shirt, revealing very nicely toned abs. once all the uncomfortable and fancy clothing, except his pants, we off, he squirmed around and wrapped his arms around a pillow, curling up to it.

"russland?" someone from another room called out groggily.
"малышка (baby girl)? why are you awake, my love?" russia asked,

forgetting about the warm pillow, and turning to face his tired yet astonishingly gorgeous girlfriend.
"i was waiting for you to come. can't sleep without my teddy bear," she teased, stepping to the couch on which russia sat.
"it's 1am..."
"egal (it does not matter). let's go to bed, ja?" germany asked, her fingers ruffling her slavic boyfriend's fluffy brown hair.
russia shook his head, and patted the seat on the couch beside him. the aryan sat down, taking a look at ruasia's tired eyes.
"bad day at work?"
"да," he mumbled, hugging his arms around her waist and laying down as soon as she sat down. germany cooperated quite well, her much smaller figure attempting to hold russia.
he buried his face in her chest, and nuzzled his nose close to her as he tried to close all gaps between them. the german giggled, hugging her boyfriend even closer before planting a kiss on his forehead.
"was ist los, Lieber? (what's up, love)" she asked, drawing hearts on russia's back with her fingers as her hands trailed down along his spine.
"stupid UN. stupid 'merica. stupid vodka not letting me drink it." he replied grumpily.
"i have an idea. i'm gonna make you some nice hot tea and then you can tell me all about what happened, sounds good?"
"fine. but don't leave for too long, you're all nice and warm," the slav said, letting go of his tight grip on his woman. "not that the cold bothers me, of course," he added quickly, remembering that he had a certain reputation he had to maintain.
"yeah, yeah," germany rolled her eyes playfully. her black skirt twirled behind her as she turned around to walk to the nearby kitchen.

timeskip

"and he just came up to me and started yelling at me for no reason —," russia explained from under the blanket. his head was rested comfortably on top of his girlfriend's shoulder. a cup of decaf tea sat in his hands, his body in love with the warmth of the cup.
"what a bitch," germany muttered. who could ever hurt her little angel bean? then again, she knew that she was the only one who knew he was an angel bean, but still.
"i hate america. i hate his stupid election. i don't give a fuck about who rules his country, it's none of my business and i would *certainely* like to not be a part of it. i don't understand why he makes such a big deal out of it,"
"i know baby, i know. it's not your fault, america was probably just confused,"
"yeah, totally confused. confused enough to throw red white and blue confetti at me while handing out balloons that said 'election day'," russia grumbled. "nevermind, i don't wanna talk about america and his stupid ass,"
"that's totally okay," germany said gently, cupping her lover's face. she almost died of admiration, just from looking at his cranky, handsome face. she peppered his face with soft kisses, ending the blitzkrieg of affection with a eskimo kiss. "i'm here, baby. i'm here," russia set down his still half filled cup of tea and threw himself into his lover's arms, embrasing her perfect figure. with his nose tucked in nicely in her chest, he took a deep breath from his nose, inhaling the calming scent of his baby girl.
"will you take care of me, bear cub?" he asked shyly, a bit embarrassed of the question.
"always,"

_____

903 words
ahhhhhhhh this was kind of rushed and short and weird sounding im so sorry
my brain is not working today i have no idea what i am doing anyhow
i hope you enjoyed!!
TYSM FOR 5K
lwt me know what kind of special you guys want!!!!
have a fantastic rest of your day <333

5k reads special :))

so uh
how
the truck
did this happen
i started this book one day for fun and now all of a sudden im getting noticed and wow holy shit i never expected this
thank you so so so so much
i dont know how i could repay you guys
5k+ reads and 250+ votes
this is a dream come true
i love each and every one of you to death
and now to show u how much i love you
drumroll**
incorrect quotes!

———

flight attendant: before we take off, please make sure all small things are properly secured
russia, smiling and looking at germany:
germany: what?
russia: do you feel safe?
germany: i hate you

——

russia: got called gay at work the other day
germany: what happened?
russia: got called gay at work
germany: yeah, but why?
russia: i was being gay
germany: at work?
russia: yeah, it was at work

——

russ: ger sometimes talks in his sleep. its adorable.
germany, asleep: fight me...you motherfucker...square up....i think the fuck not....

___

christmas
russia: oh look, we're under the mistletoe. you know what that means,,,,
germany: russland that isn't mistletoe
germany, waking up in shock at 3am that night: oh my gosh was he flirting with me???!?!

___

switzerland: are you sure you arent dating russia?
germany: if i am, i was certainly unaware.
switzerland: tbh, if anybody here would be dating someone without knowing it would be you

___

germany: *doubles over in pain*
russia: WHAT HAPPENED?!?
germany: nothing
russia: i promise to stay calm if you tell me what happened
germany: i stubbed my toe on the table—
russia, now holding a knife: WHICH TABLE

___

america: *somehow managed to kiss russia's cheek*
russia: bitch you wanna die? burn in hell
germany: *somehow manages to reach russia's cheek and kiss it*
russia: i did not know i have a heart until this very moment.

___

germany: question is, do i get out of bed or stay in
russia: both. get out of your bed and stay in mine
germany, already cuddled up beside him: you smooth fucker

___

germany: hey, russ! could you help me with this zipper?
russia: of course
germany:
russia:
germany: UP, russia, UP
russia: whoops

___

russia: wanna know why koalas arent counted as bears?
germany: because theyre marsupials.
russia: **...**because they dont have the koalafications...

___

russia: come over
germany: but my car only has 3 wheels
russia: you have a tricycle?!
germany: russ youre supposed to say "but my parents arent home"
russia: i was distracted by your tricycle
germany: let's start over.
russia: come over
germany: i can't. my car has only 3 wheels.
russia: what color is your tricycle?
germany: i give up

___

germany over at russia's place: i cant eat this food its too hot
russia: youre too hot and i still eat you
germany: ***blushes***
russia: ***winks***
ukraine: one dinner. I JUST WANT ONE DINNER.

___

belarus: youre in love with germany.
russia: what? no! would i protect her? yes. would i die for her? yes! does her being sad feels like a stake through my heart? absolutely.

but that doesnt mean im in love with her

___

germany: what are you doing?
russia: offering moral support
germany: you said you have no morals
russia: that is correct. but i support people who do

___

!!none of these are mine, i just found them on tumblr!!
i know i know, super short
i hope u still enjoyed though!!
again, i cannot thank you all enough for everything that you did for me
thank you so so much
have an amazing week <3

24 | all we do

🪒: male
🪒: male
angst because i am in pain :,)
inspired by a song
"all we do" - oh wonder
———

he grimaced.

the sharp wind felt like a whip on his skin, slicing the flesh and making him shiver. despite feeling the cold, he was numb. his body was in it's own world, enveloped into oblivion.

the black sun always conceals the light.

if only he were here, he thought, ashamed of how naively he was thinking. he let out a shaky breath, noticing how the air could be visibly seen exiting his mouth.

ground fell behind him, the victim unaware that it was only in his head. the ground was sturdy and solid as ever, with several weeds sprouting out of the hardened dirt. the black trenchcoat he had brought with him was no longer of use, and was just getting dirty. the piece of cloth was quickly discarded and thrown behind him, landing somewhere where he could not reach. but it still felt real.

~

russia heard a noise.
his ears perked up suspisiously, scanning the area around him. he remembered this place from somewhere, but he couldn't recall where.

but that wasn't what mattered.
russia heard a noise.
he noticed something unnaturally jet black laying on a patch of what used to be beautiful, tall, green grass. but just as times in civilization change, so do the ones in nature.
he carefully and quietly walked over, identifying the unnaturally jet black something as a jacket—, no, a trenchcoat, meaning it belonged to an outlaw. trenchcoats had been long forbidden. so much space to hide.
that's what people do.

all we do is hide away, the tall country thought.

maybe the hider was still out here. his hazel eyes searched what was once a large meadow, spotting quite a large bump slightly to the left of where the trenchcoat originally was.

hiding, he snorted internally. *all we do is hide away*

~

"russland..." russia mumbled to himself. he wished he could hear it one last time.

for real.

it had been exactly 8 weeks and 3 days since germany had gone missing. it was impossible for him not to count the days gone by in which he did not see his beloved. the clock ticked endlessly, starting to get on the country's nerves.
over 2 months.
2 months too long. 2 months in which the UN had strictly prohibited russia from trying to find him. he was enraged at the bitter selfishness. did nobody care?
2 months slowly turned into a year.

he hoped germany was okay.
he hoped germany would come back soon.
that's all he could really do.

~

"all we do is lie and wait," russia thought, not noticing that he said it aloud. he noticed a flicker of movement from the corner of his eye. cautiously, the slav turned and saw something.

someone.

"germany?" he called out, his voice soft.
a pair of baby blue eyes peeked over behind a worn out bush that looked like it should have died years ago.
"you're not germany, are you," the russian sighed, visibly disappointed.
the figure wearing the pair of eyes watched him carefully, before slowly curling his small hand into a fist and rocked it back and forth, signing 'yes'

a mixture of emotions washed over him. he was confused, he was angry, he was sad and he was relieved and happy. however his face remained emotionless. no reactions to be shown to the traitor.
germany noticed the hesitance in his former lover.
he looked down at the ground in shame. regret filled his chest, a stabbing guilt from long ago suddenly returning to him.

"all i did was fail today," he said in barely even a whisper. the first sentence that was dragged out of the german's mouth since 6 years

ago. 'almost mute', as people labelled it. he had very few words. he could not waste them. his stutter stopped him from speaking normally. eventually all the mocking from others had gotten to his head and he stopped speaking alltogether.
russia took a step forward before pulling him into a cautious but heartfelt hug. germany melted into it, clearly touch starved from the past year.
"all i want to be is whites and waves," the russian finished the sentence for him, and resting his chin on top of the shorter's head.
"it's okay, ger," he said, tears threatening to fall as he held his lover tight. "i'm here now. i'm here,"
"all we do," the smaller managd to choke out, using up almost all of his remaining words. 2 words left.
"all we do," russia repeated for him. "all we do,"

"i'm sorry,"

_____

806 words
ew
tbh idk where i thought i was going w this
sorry for not updating for a while ahhh
hope you still liked it somehow
have a great day <3

25 | drunk russia? drunk russia.

🪮: male
🪮: male
fluff?? i think lol
requested by a discord friend who wishes not to be named
———

"get off of me," germany grumbled irritably, gently shoving his extremely drunk friend off his shoulder. despite the russian's drowsy and obnoxiously adorable attempt to hug him, he nevertheless did not react pleasantly.

"noooooo," russia whined, clinging even tighter to the aryan. it seemed like the taller was not just holding on to him for balance, but also for dear life. germany internally snorted. russia was such a dumbass.

"people are staring," he stated to his friend, as if that would change anything.

"mm 'don't care," the older country slurred before taking another large swig straight from his bottle of vodka. germany noticed the bartender looking at them oddly from behind the country. he grimaced at the server's extremely unclean aura. his thick, dark mustache twitched slightly, as if he were about to comment.

"russland," the aryan pleaded, distracted from his thoughts by a small mumble.. the slav did nothing but erupt into another long round of uncontrollable giggles.

the jukebox played a queen song, driving russia into an even deeper state of a drunken overemotional mood. germany could only watch the country's usually enchanting blue eyes tear up. but, the smaller had to let out a chuckle. his companian had a very firm belief that russian music was the only good music, but he knew that the man

had a soft spot for freddie mercury.

eventually, as the song ended, russia's teary confessions of his love for queen had come to an end, too. he quickly cut himself out of the emotional-drunk state, and turned over his to a new type of intoxicated personality.

as soon as the next song started playing, the moment germany set his eyes on his friend, he recognized this mood as 'drunk, flirty russia'. there was a big, stupid grin plastered on the russian's face, his eyebrows wiggling mischievously.

germany playfully pushed his companion away, trying to avoid drawing attention to his flushed face. "go away, you fucking dumbass,"

"dance with me," russia said, his voice suddenly low and teasing, despite his clumsy stance. he held out his hand, the palm facing upward as an invitation for the aryan to rest his hand there.

the german observed his outstretched hand. his fingers were long and flexible, great for whittling. he wondered if russia had ever tried that. his hand looked so inviting, as if embracing him, taunting him to give in to russia's cuteness.

"no," it took all of his willpower to resist those puppy eyes. he looked away, knowing that he would have falled for it. germany was about to turn around when something caught his hand.

or, better said, some*one*. russia's grip was strong yet not aggressive. his warm hands were clasping around the smaller's wrist, the warm and comforting feeling so *right* around him.
"i'll kill you," germany said, his voice cracking slightly, only barely managing to shoot a small glare at him before he was dragged to the center of the bar.

"mm," russia giggled again, laying his hands on the german's waist. "sure you will," he booped his nose with the other's, causing germany to practically melt. but russia's goofy smile made up for it all.

officially, the two were just friends. two friends who were a bit abnormally affectionate and open with one another. two friends who occasionally fall asleep on the same bed and kiss on the mouth. nothing more than friends, though.

russia's feet started to move, following the beat of the song, unfamiliar to germany. it sounded like some rock somg from the 80's, but he couldn't confirm. he was too busy *dancing with russia*. he couldn't take his mind of that tall, fascinating country. it was especially hard when said country was very clearly drunkenly flirting with you.

the slavic man lead the slightly younger along with him, their bodies swaying along to the rhythm of the song. germany looked up, surprised to see a country smiling lovingly at him as he cupped his cheek. the taller pulled in closer, closing the already little gap between the two.

"you're gorgeous, you know that ger?" russia mumbled under his breath the second they pulled out of the kiss for air, his eyes never leaving the baby blue of the other's. he smiled softly when he saw how red in the face the aryan had become, even a little smile on his face. he was very proud of his hard work of flattering the german (*trademark*).

russia liked seeing his 'friend' smile.

through his clouded thoughts, he still managed to admire that little bit of light added to the room when the smaller's face smiled. germany had always been self conscious of his shark like teeth, sharp like razors. dangerous.
but with all honesty?
russia didn't care.

"are you sureeeeeee you still wanna kill me?" he giggled, an unnoticable hiccup interuppting in the middle of his statement.

"shut up, russia, you're ruining the moment,"

"i love you too, bear cub,"

---

868 words
im so sorry im sleep deprived
wtf am i doing
i hope yall enjoyed
have a great day, pls stay safe!!!

26 | partners in crime

🇩🇪: male
🇷🇺: male
fluff??? maybe angst???? idk
———

"it's about time you got here, twink." russia snarled as he leaned on the doorframe of his small soundproof apartement.

the tricolored countryhuman in front of him said nothing except glared at him, pushing past him and inviting himself into the building. it's not like he would have been invited in anyway, it was quite clear that neither of them wanted to work together.

but , the offer made by their mutual employer was hard to turn down. a few million dollars for hacking into certain government documents and extracting data that was not for them to have or know, was quite temptating, to say the least. the problem was that hacking was more of a one person job, yet america insisted that this specific assignment needed two characters - his two best contacts.

germany didn't consider himself a hacker. he had convinced himself that he was more of a 'rebellious programmer and engineer', however he was known to take illegal jobs at times. unlike this russian guy, the aryan didn't hide his identity completely. people knew that he existed, even though they didn't really know anything else. the media had even come up with a name for the mysterious hacker; 'the devil's keyboard'. with all honesty, germany thought the name sounded cool. it didn't exactly fit his personality, but it did build him a specific kind of reputation.

russia, on the other hand, was a complete ninja. his laptop had no IP address, and he had erased all of his personal records. he was a living ghost, breaking down entire countries, small manipulation by another. he was expensive, too, but america, his current client - much to his dismay, was willing to pay billions.

there was still that one problem though - hacking is a one person job.

"who the fuck do you think you are?" the slav growled quietly before slamming the door behind him. russia didn't like this guy. he watched suspiciously as his apparent partner in crime observed the environment. it was obvious that russia didn't bother cleaning up the place before he came, as empty vodka bottles were scattered around the floor along with some clothes and his precious ushanka.

"hm,"

"what."

"i am not very impressed."

"well this place wasn't made to impress you, jackass,"

"what a way to speak to a guest. i don't know why, but i thought you might have some manners," the german snapped before turning around and impatiently opened his laptop on the small kitchen table.

"i could say the same for you," the taller growled again before grumpily opening his laptop as well. russia snarled internally at his fellow country's sarcasm and snobbiness.

the two knew nothing about each other, nor were they interested in finding out. there was an unspoken rule in the world of computer geniuses that you *don't* give out your identity, no matter what. this rule especially applied for law breakers, since if they weren't careful enough, they could be easily tracked and arrested on the spot.

they started working in silence, not saying a word to each other. the only thing tha could be heard were russia's speakers blasting out some pop music in russian on full volume.

"could you turn down the damn music? i'm trying to focus here, and so should you," germany said irritably, the russian's lack of care for anything started to get on his nerves.

"i could." the taller began, taking a long swig from his bottle of alcohol before continuing. "but i won't,"

"fuck you,"

"fuck you too, you little shit. you are seriously an asshole,"

"i could say the same for you," germany smirked, quoting his companion's previous words. it was quite entertaining to see how angry those few words could get the guy. "ganz gleich (all the same). if we actually want to get the fucking work done, then we have to somehow tolerate each other."

"i am *not.* working. with *you.*" the slav growled menacingly.

"think of the money. you're nor gonna get any of that if we don't cooperate,"

"fine, see how i care." he rolled his eyes. how mature of him.

"i think you do care. you wouldn't have taken this job if you hadn't had a reason to, no?" germany said, purposefully trying to provoke him.

"shut up. i don't want to be here and i don't think you do either,"

"fair enough. i suggest we get to work, i don't want to spend the night in this place. you got any beer?"

"as if i would give you any of my alcohol," the taller scoffed, turning his back to his companion.

timeskip :)))))

"i think that's a wrap. we can make sure that it works tomorrow, i'm done for the day," germany finally said, stretching out his arms. the other grunted in agreement, leaning backwards on the wooden chair.

the two sat there in silence, no quite knowing what to say next.

"i guess i'll be on my way then," the aryan said, standing up and starting to pack his things. he held up his arm to take a look at his watch and—

"scheiße. it's three in the morning, i can't drive now," he grumbled, a bit pissed at himself for letting himself work so late. he promised that he would stop overworking, yet here he was; doing it again. he looked up at the other man and bit his lip, thinking of a solution. "could i stay the night? i'll sleep on the couch and i won't make any noise, promise"

"....fine." russia grunted in acknowledgment. "you want a pizza or something? i'm hungry," the shorter nodded in agreement.

"do they even deliver at this hour?"

"it's a goddamn pizza place, i don't think they really have those type of standards," he pointed out, smirking. germany grinned. it was nice to actually talk with the guy, even if he didn't know anything about him.

timeskip again :O

"hA—" he snorted, throwing his head back. four bottles of beer lay on the floor beside him, all empty. "AS IF THAT COWARD WOULD ACTUALLY DO THAT" he giggled drunkenly.

russia had to admit, he was not expecting somebody so seemingly stuck-up to have such a cut— no. no, no. a weird laugh. not cute. weird. he had learned a lot about the man he had to be partnered with in the past hour, despite most of it being drunk tangents and meaningless cackles.

he chuckled, not wanting to disrupt his rant about how his best friend dared somebody to jump of a 50 meter cliff into the ocean while doing "air-ballet". but, he was curious. he had to ask. there

was no harm in simply asking, right?

"so tell me, uh, whatever-your-name-is, how did you end up in the hacking bizz?" the russian watched as the shorter practically froze.

"it's a long story,"

"we have time." he smirked mischievously, taking yet another swig of vodka.

germany inhaled deeply. was it right to dump his trauma onto a stranger like that? maybe, maybe not. he could blame it on the alcohol. "my vater forced me to do a lot of things. he used my knowledge and my skill for his own gain. manipulation was always vater's forté. back then, computers weren't really a thing yet, but now that there is opportunity for things like this....now i can't help but watch myself turn into him. i know things i shouldn't know. i've seen things that aren't for me to see. i've done bad things. i've used people, like he used me. i manipulate like him, i judge like him, i snap like him, i'm....i'm just...i'm him. and i hate it. i hate it so much."

germany sighed sadly and looked down to the floor as russia looked at him with concern. "sorry," he whispered. he didn't mean to make his companion pity him.

"no, no. don't apologize. it wasn't my place to ask. i'm sorry,"

they both awkwardly looked down at the floor. "i, uh, i think i should go to sleep. thank you for your hospitality and the beer," germany finally said, nodding at the taller as he walked across the small room to the couch.

"yeah."

"good night then, i guess. we have more work to do tomorrow, better get some sleep."

"wait." germany was about to turn off the lights before someone stopped him. "i didn't catch your name,"

"i'm a hackeramd a ghost. i don't have a name," he said quietly, refusing to look at him.

"i didn't catch your name," russia repeated, making sure it was clear that he was not backing out of this. the aryan looked up at him and started to smile a bit.

"germany. my name is germany."

1448 words
dc wid nsicn nwidjcnvkwdfnf
im so sorry that was so rushed and bad and ahhhhhhh sorrysorrysorrysorry
and i apologize for being dead, school has been a pain in my ass :,)
i hope you liked it anyway somehow????
have a great morning/night/afternoon!! and merry christmas to all who celebrate <3

27 | my own voice

🪒: male
🪒: male
angst
⚠ mentions of TR , very vague mention of suicidal thoughts⚠
———

you say i am disgusting.

you say i am a mistake.

you say i am a freak.

you say that you tell me the truth,
because you are the only one who can see.

but you are blind, vater. you are so blind.

you are oblivious; to the possible, the impossible, and the inevitable. you are oblivious; to the muffled cries and to the screams of pain. you only hear the chanting of your name. you only hear the words of praise. you only hear the thanks and gratitude for a deed you have never truly done.

you are blind.

you called me weak. you tore me down because i could not stand on more than my own two legs. you taught me to lie and to kill, you taught me to deceive and to destroy, you taught me to drown it all out, because the suffering is only temporary.

you said i am not enough. you said i am a wrongdoing, you said i was simply an accident. you said i would never amount to anything, because the only worth i might ever have is my voice, to manipulate and

to use.

you said i'm a disappointment. maybe i am.

you said to drown it out, didn't you?

then why can i still hear you?

why can i hear you when i can't even hear myself?

no, vater. my losses have taught me more than you ever could. you are now simply a voice in my head, a small fraction of my mind. i wish you would leave, but i know that hoping is useless. when has hoping ever done me any good?

so i tell you again, vater. you are blind.

you don't know me.

you don't know me.

get out of my head.

you don't fucking know me.

~

"germany?"
"germany?!"
"come on ger, where are you?"
"...ger?"
"should i be worried?"
"germany,"
"germany?"
"this isn't funny anymore, ger,"

~

germany held on tight to his friend, clutching his heavy winter coat with a deadly grip. the young boy's eyes were red and puffy, the blue of his eyes barely visible by his tear streaked face. his breathing was rapid, but not as fast and unnatural as before.

there was so much he wanted to tell russia. there was so much he needed to explain to him. but his words - they were stuck in his throat, unable to reach past the edge of his tongue. 'don't waste your words,' they always tell you. as if there was a limit for expressing yourself, a limit for your voice.

but germany never had any words to begin with. he never had a voice. he was a mute countryhuman. it's ridiculous. but there was nothing he could do about it. the aryan was forever trapped in a barrier in which he would not be able to communicate easily with anybody. there were very few people who accepted him. one of them, probably the most important to him of them all; his best friend, russia.

russia didn't mind the fact that germany couldn't talk. he was a relatively quiet kid himself, so it didn't even make a difference to him how whether or not his friend was verbal, anyway. that's all the little german really wanted; someone who didn't care about his disability. somebody who wouldn't dehumanize him for something he could not control.

but here he was, his head buried deep into his friend's chest while in the aftermath of a uncontrollable sobbing meltdown. using *his only friend, using him for his own benefit and comfort. just like vater taught him.*

yet vater was the reason he came running back to the slav again. all he wanted was for somebody to care for him, something he could never find at home.

russia had done everything for germany, everything he could ever ask for. and how does he repay him? constantly crying about his father and his problems which he couldn't even explain to him so that they would appear less ridiculous because he was fucking mute.

he hiccuped quietly, reluctantly breaking out of the touch so that he could grab a small scrap of paper. quickly, in very untidy and almost

unreadable, which was quite odd for a perfectionist such as germany, handwriting, he wrote down 3 words.

'you deserve better'

~

germany looked down.

'*this is it, then,'* he sighed internally, scooting his feet closer together, trying to maintain at least some bodyheat. he huddled his face deeper into the warmth of his scarf, the russian winter doing absolutely nothing to help his case. snowflakes littered the ground surrounding him, his own beanie almost completely covered in the white substance.

~

"you are so much more than some goddamn vocal chords, ger. your father is wrong. your father is fucking wrong," russia said, rubbing his temples as he hugged his boyfried tightly. "you are not a freak. you are not a disgrace. you are not disgusting. you are a gift, a blessing to this world, god just needed to add one flaw to you because you're already too fucking perfect,"

~

russia was the only one who could coach him out of his breakdowns and help him get through his depressive episodes featuring his father.

russia was the only one who could really make germany's heart flutter, who could truly make him happy.

he missed him.
he missed his lover.

~

"fuck you, vater. you don't know me,"

~

i think he knows.
i think he finally knows.

does he think so too? does he agree that what we have here is love?

whenever i try to think of the word, a picture of his face forms in my mind, and i can't help but smile. he deserves the world and so much more, after all he's done for me. i wish there was a way to repay him, but i know nothing could possibly make it up to him.

at the very least, i wanted to tell him something. but i can't even do that.
it's truly a shame that i'll never be able to say those three words out loud, isn't it? all i can do is sit and fantasize and repeat the sentence over and over again in my mind. all i can do is pass him sticky notes saying 'ily'. i'll never get to tell him what those words really mean to me.

the three words-
the three most important words that i will never be able to speak out loud-

'i love you'

he'll never know how much he really means to me. he'll never know how thankful i am, he'll never know that he saved my life. the words mean nothing unless spoken.

if only i could tell him with my own voice.

1167 words
sdinaijsndcisdcnka what am i doing
idk what i was tryna do here, theres no specific plot, no clear characterr backgrounds, nothing ;-;
i hope you liked it somehow
have an amazing rest of your day! <3

holy heckin 10k special

OH
MY
FUCKING
GOD
THIS ISNT REAL
THERES NO WAY THIS IS ACTUALLY HAPPENING
HOW DID THIS BOOK GET 10K READS AND ALMOST 500 VOTES
YOU GUYS
OMG
I LOVE YOU ALL SO SO MUCH
THANK YOU
I DONT EVEN KNOW WHAT TO SAY
IM GONNA CRY OF JOY
THANK YOU SO MUCH
THANK YOU FOR READING AND FOR SUPPORTING ME THIS ENTIRE TIME, I COULD NOT ASK FOR ANYTHING MORE
THANK YOU SO SO MUCH, YOU WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL PEOPLE
YEETS ALL THE LOVE IN THE WORLD AT YOU

as a thank-you gift, i present to you:
incorrect quotes!!! part 2
———

germany: what's on our agenda today?
russia: you confess your undying love to me.
germany: no, no. i am not emotionally prepared for that today. reschedule it to next week.
russia: you've had me postpone it for months, and you already know that the feelings are mutual
germany: i'm nervous

——

russia: FOUR MONTHS

kazakhstan: what's he talking about?
germany: it's really not a big deal-
russia: YOU WATCHED ME WATER AND CARE FOR A FAKE PLANT FOR FOUR MONTHS

___

russia: ***does smth dumb***
germany: what an absolute fucking idiot.
germany:
germany:
germany:
germany: i can't believe i'd die for him

___

russia, over text: they have a whole section in home goods for you
germany: oh really?
russia: ***sends that pic of the rack labelled 'bottoms'***
germany: i am fucking divorcing you

___

germany: i want to be called cute 23/7
russia: don't you mean 24/7?
germany: no, i need snack breaks

___

russia: ***is sad***
germany, trying his very best to be a good bf: if spiders had a complex social structure like us and viewed humans as gods and each one of us has a religion that groups of spiders group into, you know what that would mean? that would mean that there is a group of spiders who are rooting for you.

___

germany, exasperated: you have the IQ of a toothbrush
russia: maybe thats why im in your mouth all the time

___

germany: ***sends pic of doggo to russ over text****
germany: russland look i got us a puppy!!
russia: you literally went out to get milk.
germany: but he's so cute!!
russia: we already have 23 dogs.

---

germany: ***makes a self depricating joke****
russia, very softly: noooo

---

germany: you're the morning to my coffee :)
russia: you're the pen to my pencil
germany, slightly confused: you're the sun to my sky?
russia: you're the crippling to my depression
germany: RUSSIA NO

---

russia: ***writes 6 6 6 on a wall sith blood****
germany: ***pulls out a sharpie and makes it 696969****
russia: ***spells out 'nice' with blood****

---

germany: your love, hand it over
russia: over my body
germany: arent u supposed to say 'over my dead body'?
russia, pinning him against the wall: no.

---

austria: so let me get this straight - you're dating russia?
germany: well, yeah!
austria: the same person who refuses to show public displays of affection even with his own family, the same person who works 100+ hours a week meaning he doesn't have any free time, the same person who is always emotionless or moody?
germany: ***nods, smiling****
austria, sighing: how can you hope for this relationship to flourish

if you can't even see him throughout the week?
/flashback/
germany, sniffling: *h-hey russ*
russia: ****just stares at him****
germany: *what's up?*
russia, walking up to ger to hug him and feels him softly crying only to hug him tighter: *it's gonna be okay, baby*
/flashback 2/
russia: ****left a note for ger before leaving for work****
germany: ****wakes up hours later to see the note and a very fancy breakfast laid out for him****
note: *ger, i know you're worried about this interview but you're gonna kill it, i'm sure of it ;), love you* ❤
germany, later, during the interview: ****physically cannot stop smiling****
/flashback 3/
russia, stargazing on the roof with germany: *you know, i've been through a lot of shit in my life. but i think it was all worth it, because in the end i met you.*
/flashback 4/
germany: ****cuddles up close to russ****
russia, wrapping his arms around him and nuzzling his nose in his wild hair: *i think i'm in love with you*
/end of flashbacks/
germany: he just...makes me really happy

___

russia: being gay is not a choice
russia, picking up germany bridal style: it's a game, and i'm winning

___

russia: babe
germany: what
russia: we should make these bedsheets dirty tonight ;)
germany: no.
russia: why notttttttttt D:
germany, taking a deep breath: IM NOT FUCKING DOING THE LAUNDRY AGAIN ITS BEEN FIVE FUCKING TIMES AND YOU

NEVER FUCKING HELPED ME YOU JUST USED YOUR SEDUCTION YOU LEAVE ME THE FUCK ALONE YOU LAZY SHIT

___

germany: i like slaying pussy.
russia: first of all, no, youre gay and a fucking bottom, second, killing cats isnt cool dude :(

___

germany, talking to japan: so in walmart yesterday i forgot russias phone was dead so when he went to the bathroom i decided to roam around and about 20 mins later i hear over the loudspeaker "germany, your child is at register 10," and i go over there and i see....russia....my boyfriend...sitting on the bench....and pouting....because i left him alone for 20 mins.....

___

germany: oh shit russland you're losing a lot of blood!!! quick, what's your type?
russia, groaning: uhhhh, short, blue eyes, central european, beer, cute, smartass, german-
germany: blood type, russia!! what is your blood type?
russia: oh uh....
russia: ***looks down at himself and sees blood everywhere***
russia: .....red

___

germany: my hands are cold
russia, holding his hands: better?
germany:
germany: my lips are cold

___

germany, tryna be edgy: i'm totally into dark humor
russia, turning of the lights: you wanna hear a joke?

___

russia: i'd call myself a fantastic english speaker
germany: describe the difference between mitosis and meiosis.
russia, internally: *don't fall for it russki, he's just making words up*

___

germany: russia just texted me 'lmao' from the other room
germany: i hear no laughing.
germany: nor any ass hitting the floor.
germany: i am dating a liar.

___

germany, bursting into russia's house in moscow: GIVE ME CUDDLES
russia: wtf i thought you were, like, half a continent away???
germany: DISTANCE CANNOT STOP THE NEED FOR CUDDLES

___

russia, our overprotective angel: im gonna fucking punch whoever insults my boyfriend next
germany: i hate myself :(
russia: ALRIGHT BABY BOY, MY BEAUTIFUL LOVE, SQUARE UP

___

germany: russ
germany: russ
germany: russ
germany: russ
germany: russ
russia: what
germany: 'forgive me father, for i have sinned' has the exact same meaning as 'sorry daddy, i've been naughty'
russia:
germany:
russia:
germany:
russia: baby please it's 3am go the fuck to sleep

___

germany: god, russia makes me so angry sometimes
russia: youre literally sitting on my lap
germany: angrily.

_____

scjncisjnkmasn-km ddw
i hope you enjoyed, because i sure did >:D
what am i doing
none of these quotes are mine!!! they are all from tumblr
but seriously guys, i cannot thank you enough for everything that you have done for me
i am so so grateful, i cannot even put it into words
thank you
ily
and today, i am not asking you to have a good day, i am *forcing* you to have a good day
have a good day, or else *cocks gun*
<3

28 | round and round

🪒: male
🪒: male
very very very very angst ùWú
(sorta) inspired by Emo_warrior365 !! <3
———

"russland, i-"

"don't 'russland' me."

germany bowed his head, sinking his body to the carpeted floor of their shared house. his hands trembled as his shoulders slumped, ashamed of himself. russia deserved so much better than him.

there's an explanation. there always is.

"i've given you *everything*, germany. i gave you the fucking world. i gave you everything i ever had; my protection, my patience, my trust, my heart, my *love,* and it all comes so this." the taller country scowled, his dark eyebrows furrowed in anger.

no words to say. no words to speak out loud.

"i'm so sorry, russlan- russia, i-i'm so so sorry," the german replied, his voice suddenly breaking as a new wave of emotions came over him. but he couldn't cry. not now. he wasn't the victim here, he wasn't supposed to be the one crying. after all, it was his boyfriend who was hurt, not him. he had every right to be angry, to hate him. "i'm t-trying russ, i swear, i-i'm trying,"

i'm trying so hard.

"save your tears." russia said bitterly, then burrowed his face in his hands. "i can't do this anymore, германия,"

please,

"can't we just talk it out—"

don't let go yet.

"no, germany, we can't fucking talk it out," the taller suddenly snapped, his gaze shifting back into the angry look it was only a few seconds ago. "has it ever occurred to you that i might not want to talk about it? has it ever occurred to you that i might be done reflecting upon my feelings and actions for you? have you ever thought about how i might feel about this, instead of only thinking about yourself? no, no you fucking haven't. you don't know how fucking hard it is for me to see you when you are broken, germany, you don't fucking know or even *care* about how hard it is for me to see you like that, and knowing that i can't fucking do anything to help you,"

the sun revolves around you.

"ru—" the shorter country began.

but the world still spins

"don't say anything. this isn't about you anymore. for once, this isn't about you,"

round and round and round

"i never meant to hurt you, i promise, i—"

over and over and over

"'SHUT UP" russia yelled. his broad chest went up and down at a rapid speed, hyperventilating, as if he were about to cry too. "*shut up*,"

shut up.
don't speak.
no words to be said.

"why are you saying these things?" the aryan asked, barely even whispering. his knees were tucked in close to his stomach as his nose buried itself there as well.

the world still spins

right?

"because it's about time that we realize the truth. both of us. i was too blindly in love with you to see it and...you? you don't even care,"

the words stung.

why are you saying these things?

selfish, selfish, selfish
it's true, isn't it?

"how could you say that?! how could you say that i don't care?! you know better than anyone that you mean the fucking *world* to me! you *know* that it isn't easy for me to love and to show affection, but you fucking know that i'm trying! *how could you say that i don't care?"*

a sudden snap, like a flick of the finger. on his feet again, glaring sadly at his lover. his lover? are they even still lovers?

the wind blows harder, from every direction comes the hail, pounding mercilessly,

love is no simple thing,

russia laughed. there was no humor in it, no clear emotion. life drained out of his eyes. ice. gray. hazel. nothing. only fog. it was so bitter, lifeless and *cold*. germany had never heard russia laugh like that.

"you know what?" the taller said, jabbing a shaky hand to point at the aryan. "maybe i was wrong. trying isn't enough. i'm not enough for you, and nothing ever will be. you're broken, you're beyond fixing. you were a waste of my fucking energy,"

oh.

silence. pure, nauseating silence.

germany stumbled, his back hitting the wall. he couldn't meet his eyes.

you're broken. you're beyond fixing.

repeat the words in my mind, round and round and round, over and over and over.

he didn't see russia's now violently shaking hand come closer to cover his mouth, as if blocking it would stop the words that have already been said from coming out. his eyes widened, no longer lifeless, but filled with regret.

regret is no simple thing.
you cannot take back the past.

"ger, i-i'm so so s-sorry, i d-didn't mean t-that, i-it was j-j-just the heat of the m-moment i d-didn't mean i-it i'm s-so s-sorry," he said, hand still covering his mouth in disbelief at what he had just said. his legs gave in, and the tall country fell to his knees.

had germany looked at him, he would see the hot tears streaking down his face.

you cannot undo what has been done.
do not dwell on the past.

"you're r-right, though. you're c-convincing yours-self the y-you didn't m-mean it, but y-you d-did. i don't b-b-blame you. we both know it's t-true,"

the world still spins

"no no no no no no no no германия нет нет please no i didn't m-mean it, germany, i'm so s-s-sorry,"

the world still spins

right?

round and round and round
we go
over and over and over

never let go
neverending cycle.

regret solves nothing.
you cannot undo what has been done,
you cannot take back what has been said

round and round and round

we are both at fault.
i don't know your story.

"i-i'm sorry too," germany finally whimpered, slumping into russia's much stronger body. he wrapped his arms around him tightly, squeezing him like a teddy bear, as he ugly-cried into his shoulder.

live not in the past.

easier said than done.

"do you think we'll be okay?" the german whimpered quietly, still enveloped tightly in russia's bear hug.

not everyone gets a happy ending

"do you really love me?"

not everyone gets to live happily ever after.

"i love you more than you could ever imagine. you are a part of me, you make me whole, you make me who i am, i love you, russia. i love you so much,"

but maybe

"i love you too, германия," russia nuzzled his nose into his lover's nape. "and i think we will be okay,"

just maybe,

"maybe we will get our happily ever after,"

———

1167 words
holy shit that was INTENSE (at least to write XD)
proofreading is for the weak
i hope you enjoyed your dose of angst uwu
ily and i hope you have an amazing day!!!

29 | flower crowns

🇩🇪: male
🇩🇪: male
fluff!!!
requested by @Russland :3
———

"oh shut up, you big doof," germany giggled, gripping tightly onto his lover's adidas sweatshirt. "mine is *so* much better," he teased.

"hm," the latter chuckled quietly at the smaller's childish behaviour. "that's debatable," the german swatted at him playfully as he dramatically pouted. russia held up his unfinished wreath of flowers to germany's face, proving to him that his, in fact, was better, and more authentically constructed.

"don't get cocky, babe," the short countryhuman said, raising an eyebrow as he grinned wickedly at his boyfriend. in reply, russia simply booped his nose with his, smirking when he noticed how the red of germany's flag became many shades redder.

"try and stop me~,"

the aryan sputtered, the furious blush on him spreading to the rest of his face. "you seductive little shit, you," he mumbled, burying his face in the taller's shoulder.

"does this mean i win?" russia snickered, asking almost innocently. he flicked the flower crown that was nested on top of germany's hair, earning a lazy murmur of protest. "eh, of course it does, you couldn't possibly expect to defeat me with your generic little dandelions, hm?"

all of a sudden , he found himself being tackled down to the prickly green grass of the broad meadow. "it most certainly does not," germany said, narrowing his eyes as he spat out the playfully venomous words, his arms pinning his taller boyfriend to the

ground as a show of dominance.

"siberian fawn lilies are much prettier, you can fight me," the slavic man said, his teasing smirk never once leaving his face. "almost as pretty as you~,"

"russland!!"

"whaaat, it's just the truth, you know you're adorable," russia giggled.

"am not! and what's with you and all these pick-up lines today? we're already dating, you fucking dumbass," he said, refusing to out get up, leaving russia still pinned to the ground between his arms.

"what can i say? i am indeed a gentleman," he said, gazing into his lover's eyes before abruptly calling out; "and since i'm such a gentleman, i'll propose an offer, okay? don't get me wrong, you look amazing in everything, *but*, if you picked something that wasn't a literal weed you would have a higher chance at beating me."

"hey, i worked very hard on tieing these weeds together!!" he protested, starting to get back up to his knees so that his boyfriend could move.

"yeah, yeah. but listen to this; how about arnica flowers? ah? ahh? native to your country AND stunningly beautiful! i'd say that's perfect for your little natural tiara, don't you think?"

"mmm," germany grumbled incoherently. "we're in russia, i highly doubt there will be any german flowers here,"

russia surveyed the plain, searching and scanning for a sign of the colorful plants his little german liked so much. he frowned slightly when noticing that no, there were indeed none of those.

"told you," the smaller huffed, resting his head back on russia's familiar shoulder, basking in the warmth and safety of his lover. he gently poked the slav with his one free arm, the one that wasn't currently tangled and laced with the other's. russia looked down at him gently.

what a pretty thing, he couldn't help himself from thinking. the way his boyfriend leaned on him with so much trust and affection made his heart ache, that *he*, russia, a simple teen from a simple town with a simple life and a simple heart, somehow managed to get his hands on someone so beautiful, so stunningly beautiful and smart and caring and clever and wonderful, and *dear goodness*, did he mention beautiful?

never would he have thought that he could get this far. never would he have thought that he would have even stand a chance with someone so simply extraordinary. yet here he was, with the said light of his life curled up beside him for protection as the young couple sat in silent content.

however, as they say, *nothing lasts forever*, russia was about to prove that statement true as ever. he smirked wickedly as he looked down at his lover, hating to ruin the sight, but he just couldn't hold it in—

"well, i guess that does mean i win~," he said, his face baring the teasing look stared down at him evilly.

germany pouted visibly, his baby blue eyes narrowing in playful scorn. he mumbled something about "not fair," or whatever, but russia wasn't really listening. he was too busy laughing in victory, launching his fists in the air in all of his glory.

finally, after a few more gleeful moments of his thriumph, he looked down to see his boyfriend looking into the distance, dramatically making a scene about how upset he was.

russia huffed, playing along in this act of very obviously overdramatic fanfiction-like scenerio. rolling his bright eyes, he rolled over to his side to tackle his pouty boyfriend into his arms. the pair ended up in a position where the slavic teen was on top of the aryan, his noze nuzzled comfortably into his neck, the smaller's back pressed into the surface of the flower filled meadow.

germany squeaked, gripping onto the taller's white hair before sighing deeply and pecking him on the forehead.

"i love you," he murmured, almost too quiet for him to hear.

but he heard.

germany, germany *loved* him? no, that can't be. they had only been dating for around 8 months and—, russia's train of thought was interuppted when he saw the latter's eyes.

"i....i love you too,"

_____

961 words
yeehaw
jnhctegsuhbs im so sorry idek what this is-
eNdiNGs aRe hARd oKAy
i hope you liked it
have an amazing rest of your day, *or else*
<3

30 | short russia xaxaxa

🪒: male
🪒: male
fluff :3
requested by @EsperBear
AU where russki boi is s h o r t
———

"you know what i find absolutely *hilarious?"* germany asked suddenly, grinning nefariously at his best friend, who simply raised an eyebrow in response.

"what is it?" the other asked, shifting his gaze back to his fidgeting fingers. although neither his face nor his attitude showed it, the boy was nervous. mm, well, maybe that's not the right word. is it embarrassed? flustered? secretly madly and utterly in love?

no, no, he scolded himself internally. it wasn't any of those. it was more of all of them together.

the thing was; russia *really* liked germany. the fatherland was one of the sweetest people he knew, always trying to help everyone in any way that he could, even though he could be a huge pain in the ass sometimes. this moment just happened to be one of which he was, in fact, unbearably annoying.

"that despite the fact that russia is the biggest and probably one of the scariest countries in the world, your physical form is so small and cuddly~,"

"—shut it." the smaller warned.

germany just shrugged, chuckling to himself. russia would never admit it, but he was practically a teddy bear. any time one of them was upset they would go to each other and snuggle up (platonically, of course. no homo, none at all.) as they binged watched stupid movies and ate unhealthy snacks.

they would often find themselves in a situation where they fell asleep cuddled together, and russia would wake up to germany spooning him gently from behind, his nose buried in his shoulder. all he could do was blush furiously until the latter woke up and realized the awkward position they were in.

they always pretended nothing had happened, but russia had a sense that those weird feelings were mutual, that the tall country felt them too.

after all, that kind of situation wouldn't have continued to occur if the german didn't feel anything towards him in that way too, even if it was just a bit. either that, or that he was *extremely* oblivious, which honestly - the slav didn't doubt for a second that it was true.

don't get him wrong, germany had a brilliant mind and was unbelievably smart, just... not necessarily when it came to this type of thing, to put it nicely. but, russia had been trying to leave hints for the other that he liked him for quite a while now, and the guy *still* hadn't picked up on anything.

one of those hints being *not fucking strangling him everytime he called him short.*

seriously, he had no fucking clu how lucky he was that russia liked him that way. if he hadn't, then the larger would probably have been torn to pieces by now.

"russ," germany said, interuppting his train of thought.

"hmm, what?" the russian asked, looking up at his friend who was somehow still taller than him, even though they were both sitting down. *that's so unfair,* he thought bitterly, internally pouting to himself.

"you're adorable,"

"i— wait what?"

did he mean that? probably not, it was so out of the blue, with nothing he could think of to possibly prompt the statement. he shifted his gaze to the aryan's face, trying his very best not to roll

his eyes when he saw the shit eating grin slapped on his (totally not handsome) face. "i hate you," russia snorted, pouncing on his friend.

he said, smirking, his voice slightly muffled by a hand covering his mouth, "mmhate you too,"

_____

648 words
plot? what plot? idk what youre talkin about
ihsnaindyvsu sorry this was kinda hard to write lmao
im sorry this is so rushed and short and bad ahhhhhhhh
i hope you liked it tho
ily and have an amazing rest of your day you absolutely spectacular people

31 | smooth like vodka bottle

[image]

🪒: male
🪒: male
inspired by pic above, ART NOT MINE (belongs to k_zerox_0)
fluff again woop woop
prosthetic!russia :D
———

"россия? are you paying attention?" UN called again, snapping the abnormally tall country out of his daydrea—, thoughts.

"да, да, я слушаю, тебя старый придурок (yeah, yeah, i'm listening, you old prick)," russia scowled, annoyed at UN, annoyed at himself for daydreami—, thinking, again, and especially annoyed at this damn meeting for wasting precious hours of his time about useless matters that don't even concern his country.

UN frowned at the country's response, but nonetheless carried on with the topic of the meeting after an unneeded and very over dramatic clearing of the throat.

russia's eyes wandered, surveying the large conference room. himself, germany, britain, france, ukraine, austria, czechia, and some other european countries were there. enough people to keep that lousy entity busy for a while, at least. his fingers fidgeted with some of the wires locked into his prosthetic arm.

recently there had been some malfunctions with the artificial limb. it reacted way too slow than it was supposed to, and it made those awful squeaking noises when it moved, like nails on a chalkboard.

he blushed momentarily, knowing exactly who would know what to do - the same person he was thinking (NOT daydreaming) about only a minute or so ago.

germany.

smart, clever, adorable einstein *germany*.

god, he could think about that country for hours on end with nothing else crossing his mind, because, well, there was just so much *to* him. and it certainly helped that the man was the one who had designed and built his arm for him, giving him a nice little excuse to visit him from time to time.

his mind unconsciously started to trail back to the aryan, and russia decided to let it slide this one time.

"hi германия," russia panted, his chest going up and down at a rapid speed. it was quite clear that he was out of breath, most likely from his rush to reach the coffee shop in which his friend had requested to meet him.

"hey, russ," the latter giggled, and the slav couldn't help but notice the way his hand shifted to cover his mouth - most likely to hide his shark-like teeth; it was an old habit of his. he couldn't stop himself from seeing the way that his slim shoulders bounced slightly as he laughed, nor how his usually tame black hair finally allowed itself to fall into his face.

goddamn.

this country would be the end of him.

"what's with the big rush?" the shorter asked playfully, evidently trying to stop his big, crimson eyes from avoiding eye contact. it wasn't exactly something that he could control, but he still attempted to look professional. or rather, as professional as you could get when meeting an old friend at a tiny coffee shop.

"you called me here, did you not?" the slav grinned at his friend once he finally got a grip on himself, stabilizing his body by leaning on to the door frame of the small shop.

germany nodded, gesturing to the seat beside him. "relax, have a coffee," he smiled softly at him as he spoke, scooching only slightly to the right to give the other some more room. "geht alles gut (is everything okay)?" he asked gently, when he noticed how tired his friend looked. he must have

really hurried to get here, didn't he?

russia simply laughed. "да, гериания, да. спасибо, (yes, germany, yes. thanks,)"

russia sighed crankily as he reluctantly brought himself back to reality, his brain making an internal show on leaving the thought of his precious german baby.

as much as he wanted to just sit and admire the country for hours without end, he couldn't exactly ignore every single thing said in this meeting, even though , again, it had nothing to do with him.

the slav rested his head in his arms, nuzzling against the soft skin of his biological left arm, purposefully avoiding contact with the cold metal of his bionic limb. his mismatched eyes surveyed the conference room, from UN's lousy business suit to france's melodramatic red lipstick, rolling his eyes at the attention-seeking westerner. *damn*, he thought, internally snorting. were these the kind of people that he (partly, at least) share a continent with?

and of course, despite all of his mustering to specifically *not* look at that *one person*, he couldn't help it, and found himself resting his gaze on the familiar yet nevertheless freshly gorgeous aryan, as if he had never seen him before.

wait.

wait, wait, wait, wait.

did.....did germany just *blush*?

he had no idea the man could get even more so attractive, but *this,* dear goodness, the butterflies crawling through his stomach right now were almost too much to bare. he looked away

immediately, certain that the red of his flag spread to the other colors, too. his breath hitched, eyebrows furrowing slightly as he resisted the urge to run to him and hug him and kiss him like there was no tomorrow, to endlessly pamper him with love and affection and—

"you are all dismissed. have a good afternoon," the voice of a certain entity called out.

get a hold on yourself, russ, he scolded himself. he had a reputation to maintain, he couldn't go around kissing and hugging whoever he liked in the middle of a meeting. *take it slow. shoot some lines. be smooth, like vodka bottle.*

as the russian watched his crush pick up his materials and prepare to leave the conference room for his next meeting, he breathed deeply and plastered a playful smirk on his face. he walked ever so slowly to the aryan's seat, where he was still busy packing his belongings in a briefcase.

he hummed softly, waiting impatiently for him to notice he was there.

"ah, hallo russland." his voice piped up when he turned to face the skyscraper of a man he had befriended so long ago. "brauchst du etwas (do you need something)?"

"yes, actually," he chuckled. "but first, may i tell you that your scarf looks exceptionally sharp today?" russia grinned as he watched the country's face heat up in light amusement at how easily flustered he could get.

"russland, i-i'm in a bit of a hurry," the smaller stammered.

"хорошо, хорошо. (alright, alright.) i think there is some kind of a problem with my arm, it's responding way to slowly than it's supposed to, and it makes these weird-ass squeaky sounds,"

"klar. (gotcha - sorta? idk english word) you can come over to my garage after work and i'll check it out. how does that sound?"

"lovely. it's a date," russia winked mischievously, his grin

growing even wider when the red of germany's face increased by at least 67%.

it took a moment for the slav's words to process in germany's brain, but when they did, his eyes widened, and he saw russia smoothly walked out the door.

"RUSSIA YOU LITTLE SHIT"

and as much as he wanted to,

germany couldn't hold back a smile.

1186 words
bro wtf i found this in my drafts
this is like from september
broooooooo
btw sry about the bad translations im doing them myself and im bad at english
enjoy some awful september righting that has been slightly edited
ily and have an amazing day!!!!

32 | numb

🪒: male
🪒: male
hi <3 (notes at the end will explain some stuff w/ posting and if im back or whatnot btw)
this is more abt russ
kind of inspired by that *one* part in где твой идол, u know what im talking abt
angst, please son't read if you are not in a good place right now or if it might trigger you!!
⚠smoking, drinking, self harm, talking abt death but not actually, blood, anti depressants, overdose, attempted suicide, extremely dark!!! pls be careful ily⚠
———

nothing surrounds him - absolutely nothing.

enveloped in oblivion, enclosed in mesmerizing void, as russia's quivering fingertips curl into themselves to feast on the little body heat left.

he falls deeper into the darkness, numb to the pain of gravity, to the agony of living - even done so subconsciously.

piercing eyes refuse to wander off strict territory, glaciers form at mere words. his outline nothing more than traced white, as pitch black circles everything it can. static resumes, his twitching heightened as if he were run on electricity.

but the numbness lasted.

half awake but hasn't slept in three weeks, his eyebags now the most visible thing in his appearance - though no one would know. one day he would simply leave, and nobody would bother to come after him.

maybe that's okay.

maybe he was meant to be alone.

shit, where's your idol? must be gone.

every day he returns home from work and the first thing he does is drink and smoke, slicing through his very flesh as if it were paper. counting coins and digging through his tethered wallet, hoping maybe here to find a reason.

to think he used to be people's role model, their *idol*.

"sir, maybe the reason you're upset is-"

bullshit.

shot, feeling the burning liquor slide mercilessly down his throat as it ate him alive from the inside out, months of short, empty breaths; they told him they could have long since heard the rasp.

shot, daring to wipe the alcohol off his filthy mouth with his sleeve; but "mind your manners, sir, you'll find they are essential to your living." after hearing that statement, he does it more often than ever.

shot, cigarette butts lay in the ceramics that much too quickly became ashtrays, draining rationality from his head, minute by minute as he stalks the hallway, searching for his prey.

shot, drain. can't recover from a loss you refuse to accept you've suffered. drowning the glass, he glares at the reflection he sees in the mirror. it's been punched before, the cracks still show.

hell, where's your idol? look at him, he's losing himself.

and he's still falling from the gracious heights he couldn't stand on. spill the damn blood and move on, there's always more to mop.

spilled so much of the bastard blood he forgot how to stand, stumbling to his knees before he's falling again, withered rose in hand - petals now crisp, gentle maroon now almost brown.

lock your doors, seal them tight so no wedges can be smuggled into,

winter is on it's way and the snow is without mercy. do nothing but pity the ones who never managed to retreat - falling into nothingness as the cold takes over.

and 3 weeks turn easy to 3 years and quickly lose track, can't count. it's been so long since he felt something, anything. neither joy nor pain could possibly wash over his fate, nothing except nothing, the end is every day and every day is the same: numb.

"sir, i don't believe it would be wise-"

"*i know my place*. i recommend you learn yours." he snaps.

even when his wrists are barely functioning, and his entire forearm is shaking from blood loss, he continues to be unable to feel. no matter how many times he slashes his dull skin with a knife, the usual sting ceases to exist.

the thorns from the wilting rose seep into the palms of his calloused hands, drawing pricks of red, still falling, but it changed nothing.

it's been so long. three weeks turned easy to three months, even easier to three years.

he splashes water to his face out of the worn-down faucet, that somehow still works. he dries his face with his raw, cut open arms, flicked the last droplets of water back into the sink. wrapping a white bandage over his forearms, feebly attempting to hide the scars, praying to a god he doesn't believe in that his sweater would hide it.

no questions asked, no answered needed - yet still he couldn't hide the bags under his eyes, the piercing ice of his eyes themselves, the ones that scared everyone away, his cold demeanor and -

numbness. so, so numb.

make me forget, make me forget, make me forge—

there is no god.

and he is alone.

and soon enough they would all forget him.

winter is coming, drawing near,

hide away,

because you *cowards* couldn't dare look him in the eye where it *hurts*.

crawl into his grave with him and straddle his body tight, because you can feel the winds shifting and he is coming and icicles are not melting. embrace him, as you look dreamily into the unreadable eyes of death.

don't forget where he came from.

soon he will be six feet deep,

and no one will remember.

-

"russia," a voice calls. "russia, your pills are gone. where did they go?"

he knows, but he can't remember. and if he could, he wouldn't tell. they're his anti depressants, that don't do jack shit for his happiness. germany must have noticed the medication bottle was empty.

he continues pretending to sleep, not having enough energy to blink open his eyes and yell back to the other side of the apartment where he assumed germany was. "russia!" he heard him call again. he did nothing except sigh internally. did it have to be so loud?

about a minute later, he heard the door to the bedroom creak open,

two eyes peeking in. "russ? sag mir nicht, dass du noch schläfst (don't tell me you're still sleeping)," the slav could practically feel his lover's stare on him, boring into his soul.

no, no, no, i can't have that. not now, not now,

with every ounce of strength, he held back another sob.

"i know you're awake, russ."

he let out a shaky breath. "прости, я был уставшим (sorry, i was tired)," he mumbled.

"oh," was all germany could say. russia's eyes weren't closed anymore, but he was still facing away from the door, purposefully avoiding his gaze. he doesn't need pity.

the german simply sat down on their shared bed and furrowed his brows in the slightest way, and if he were anyone else, he wouldn't notice. "so," the shorter began. "are you going to tell me what happened?" he asked gently, clearly worried.

"nothing happened, don't worry. the pills must have fallen or whatever. no big deal," he reassured quickly, still laying down and facing the wall. suddenly, he remembered exactly where they were; deep in his stomach. 17 anti depressant pills, all swallowed simultaneously in one night. he should be dead by now.

why did he always have to wake up again? was it too much to ask, to just let go?

he felt germany tense up near him, clearly not believing the lie. he said nothing for a moment, lost in his thoughts. normally, russia would care. he would lay and wonder what were the thoughts he knew were racing in his head. he would lay and wonder, should i be worrying? what if he's overthinking again? or what if he's having a memory again? a bad one?

but now? he couldn't bring himself to give a damn, and he hated himself even more for that.

he loved germany.

he was just tired.

and numb.

so, so, numb.

his head was so full of fog that never cleared, clouds that blocked out anything that didn't fit in the now grey, timid mind. the voices were so loud, always whispering in his ear; insecurities and self-hate, nothing would block them out. even when he shoved in his earbuds and played music at the highest volume, the voices still stayed, thrashing and ringing violently in his ear.

"i suppose we need to request a refill for them, then," his boyfriend said, not bearing any emotion.

"i guess so," he replied dully, reflecting the lack of enthusiasm.

"i'll call the pharmacy," germany said quietly, sitting up and walking out, but not sparing him a look before he twisted the doorknob. "i love you," he said softly, and before waiting for a response, he left.

russia looked at his cold, clammy hands with sorrow.

-

dearest германия,

i've been plagued with thoughts i know i shouldn't be having. things have been confusing, and i've never been surrounded by so many people i love and who love me while feeling so alone. my head is a mess, and i'm a mess. i didn't want to worry you, so i never said anything. but i know you knew.

i'm constantly torn between insomnia for weeks on end, and sleeping 13 hours in a single day's cycle. i can't remember the most simplest things, there's always a ticking sound in my mind and the voices are getting stronger, and my throat is closing up; i can't breathe, германия, i can't fucking breathe.

you told me to let out my demons, but they want to stay in the dark,

love. it's their word against mine now, and i'm no longer in control.

i'm choking on plain air, i'm finally heaving through the lungs that have been corrupted years ago. i can't breathe, and the match is going out, and the flame is about to reach my finger before it ignites me. even with all the oxygen used for fire, i can't breathe. and no the light is out and all that is left burning is me, and all i can see is darkness, i can't find the light, i can't see you.

and i'm telling you this because i won't be able to later, because you're going to heaven and i am to hell and i think we both know that unless there is a miracle, we will not meet again.

i'm a goner, i was born to die. but you were the best thing that ever happened to me, and for that, i owe you my life, so here; you can take it. you stole my heart in a matter of seconds and with all i can, i tell you, you were the one place i could call home.

please, this isn't your fault. you did everything you could.
i'm just a lost cause, try to move on and live as you would.

i love you,
россия

-

the wind wisps his snow-white hair into his face, dead leaves blowing gently in no specific direction.

he waits on the traintrack. the eerie quiet could have been labelled as peaceful if the voices ever shut up. he looks around him. it's in the middle of nowhere, in the middle of the night. there's no way there could be any person here. he pokes the rust tainting the metal, his always neutral expression worn. he hears the faint rumble in the distance, sighing heavily, finally.

he sees the headlights of the nearing train dawning. he doesn't move.

"бог, forgive me for loving you, germany." he whispers. to whom,

he is uncertain. germany wasn't beside him. he supposed it was to himself, then. there's no way his lover would know.

he'd just wake up in the morning in a cold bed, empty and alone.

his eyes suddenly widened with realization. "*no,*" he said hoarsely, choking on tears as it hit him.

"*no*,"

germany will crawl into his grave with him and straddle his body tight, because he can feel the winds shifting and he is coming and icicles are not melting. embrace him, as he look s dreamily into the unreadable eyes of death.

only his corpse would be able to hold germany when he cried.

"*no*,"

he can't drag him into this.

in a moment's decision, he leaped away from the track, mere seconds before the vehicle passed the spot in which he sat. he stood there for a minute, paralyzed and panting, dumbstruck by *what the hell were you thinking?*

russia shook his head, *stupid*, and his sharp blue eyes dilated slightly in worry. he squeezed his eyes tight and reopened them, his somewhat rational mind back in action, at least for the moment. before he could dwell too long on what he had almost let happen, he started sprinting towards the next station, *take me home*.

before long, he stood inside the train that almost killed him.

-

russia practically slammed the door to the apartment open, despite still being a little hazy from the entire situation. he quickly kicked off his shoes and jacket and rushed to the bedroom, gently but still rushing to creak open the door that always made so much noise.

he found his beloved laying there, asleep, soft hair sprawled out and untidy (for once), angelic features curled into a little ball, almost as if he were trying to hold himself as he bathed in the slightly-before-dawn part of the day - where the sky was still dark but revealed enough light to reflect on his face. thank god he didn't wake him.

immediately he felt a pang of guilt for not being there, despite only leaving after his baby fell asleep. he wouldn't know. before doing anything else, he swiftly undressed, leaving him in only sweatpants.

almost silently, the slav leaned over the other's body and pecked him lightly on the forehead. in one motion, russia allowed himself under the blankets, and gently wrapped his arms around the smaller, snuggling his nose in the crook of his neck and gliding one of his hands slightly under his shirt to rest comfortably on his waist.

he let the smallest of smiles appear on his face when he felt germany unconsciously squirm a little in his grip, trying to get comfortable, before deciding to lean back into the spooning and grab onto one his other hand, lacing his delicate fingers through it.

they hadn't done this in a while; he didn't even realize how touch starved he had been until he felt this content now. it didn't fix his problems, nor cure his numbness. but in a way, it eased his pain.

he had forgotten how much he'd missed it.

_____

2.4k words
ey ey ey

hope you enjoyed! although it was.....extremely dark to say the least
as for whats gonna happen w this book?
im not completely sure tbh. i think i might post from time to time, but it def won't be as often as it used to be and i generally most likely won't be as active as before tho
so i guess im sorta back? yay?
anyway
ily guys so so so much, and i hope you had a good day, or that you will have a good day (yuck timezones)

22k special + clingy russia < 3

AHHHHHHHHH
I JUST REALIZED THAT THIS HAS 22 HECKING K READS AND ALM OST 730 VOTES?!?!?!
OMG
YOU GUYS ARE INSAANE
ILYSMSMSMSMSMSMMS < 33333
AND!!!
AS A CELEBRATION I GIVE YOU MINI ONESHOT AND INCORRECT QUOTES >:))
feast, my children!
———

germany yawned, squirming a little bit before leaning his head on his lover's shoulder, pulling himself closer to him. his legs curled around one of russia's thighs, basically half sitting on his lap.

"someone's clingy today," the taller murmured monotonously, but germany could detect the hint of playfullness edged in his voice.

"it's your fault for being so nice and cozy," he defended. what was he supposed to do? it was cold and raining, and the absolute *tragedy* of having to deal with it without cuddles was a burden he could not, and would not *stand* to bare.

russia just sighed and wrapped his arm around the german, letting the smallest smile slip when he heard germany's chirp of approval. his heartstrings tugged at that indescribably *adorable* reaction, and he simply couldn't help himself when he flung his other arm over to him and embraced him tightly, not noticing that he accidently shifted all of his weight over on the much smaller aryan, who barely managed to squeak; "waIT RUSSLAND YOU're gonna crUSH ME—" as they fell to a laying position on the couch.

russia's head ended up a little above germany's chest, the perfect space to nuzzle him, his arms still wrapped snugly around him. he closed his eyes contentedly for a moment and took the moment to

feel himself practically melting.

germany giggled before rasping out his complaints about "not being able to breathe,", which the taller simply waved away. breathing was not of importance in a moment like this. plus, he deserved it after he made russia go through a whole day of meetings at the office without even sitting *next to him.* what kind of cruelty was that? absolutely horrible and brutal. he wouldn't wish that fate on anyone. well, except maybe america, but that was besides the point.

his excuse was that 'it would be a distraction to both of them, and it's unprofessional in a workplace'. bullshit! how would he be able to hold his hand under the table if they weren't sitting next to each other? oh, the *agony* of having to sit all day with no soft, gentle fingers to lace his own with, no leg to 'accidently' brush his thigh with, making the latter blush, nobody to pass notes saying both 'xaxaxaxa ur gay))' and 'i love you and you're doing amazing <3'.

finally, germany's hands found their way to his and netted them together, the other one reaching for his messy white hair and playing with it, massaging his scalp gently. russia hummed happily, burying his nose deep into his chest and inhaling his familiar scent.

"i thought you said i was the clingy one?"

"shhhhhhhh baby hushhhh shhh" the russian said lazily. "we do not speak of the past," he whispered dramatically, blowing a raspberry.

germany rolled his eyes and kissed the mop on top of his boyfriend's head, earning another happy little noise from the taller.

"will you sit next to me at work tomorrow?" russia looked at him, resting his chin on the other's chest as he gave his very best puppy eyes. the german looked torn between his precious work and his precious overgrown baby of a boyfriend. seeing this, russia immediately put more effort into his nagging, knowing he had a chance of winning this time. "пожалуйста, малыш (please, baby)? i'll give you a kiss if you say yes~,"

"oh," germany's gaze turned so soft, so soft and dreamy for a moment, before he looked down at him and smiled gently; "that's a

hard deal to turn down,".

yeah theyre really gay sorry

———

incorrect quotes 😎😎:

———

germany: the recipe says to beat 3 eggs
russia: at what? arm wrestling?
germany: must be. i mean we're banned from hand-to-hand combat in the kitchen

———

germany and russia before they started dating: *hug!*
russia, an absolute simp: i like this a normal amount

———

russia: i swear the next person who says 'weird flex but ok' is going to lose their kneecaps
germany:
germany: preposterous boast, but alas

———

germany: *sends a voice message to russki*
russia, texting: im @ work rn is it urgent?
germany: no no dont worry just listen later
[later]
russia: *presses play*
germany's voice message: *THERES A FIRE—*

———

russia: *flirting w ger*
germany: *actually flirting back*
russia:
germany: ???
russia: i don't know what to say. i didn't think i'd get this far

———

germany: im angry at you
russia: im angry at you too
germany: lets give each other some space
russia: good idea
germany: ***gets off russia's lap to sit next to him on the couch***
theyre still holding hands
belarus, ultimate third wheel: is this a joke?

---

germany: ugh this is so hard!
russia: you know what else is hard? ;)
germany: the book i'm about to hit you with

---

russia: i only feel one emotion and its ANGER
germany: last night you texted me 243 heart emojis
russia: out of ANGER

---

russia: ***loses ger in the grocery store***
russia (to employee): excuse me have you seen my boyfriend????
russia: pretty eyes, abt this tall
russia: clearly my future husband but we haven't had the talk yet

---

russia: i want to wake up with you for the rest of my life
germany: i wake up at 4am to work
russia:
russia: i want to go to bed with you for th—

---

russia: i swear whoever took my favorite hoodie is gonna—
germany: ***walks in wearing russia's favorite hoodie***
russia: **—**go on a date with me <3

---

belarus: you love him, don't you?
russia: ....
bela: you know it's not worth hiding it from me. i see how your face lights up when he's around. how hard you laugh at his smartass remarks. how you always stare at him when he's not looking.
russia: i don't—
bela: just accept that you're head over heels for him already. it's a pain to see you pretend you're not.

———

sijnsdjiocsdfjma alright thats it
hope u enjoyed
ily and have a good day! <3

33 | yoink

🪒: male
🪒: male
some kind of au lol idk
⚠tw: tr, ussr (this takes place in 1938-39ish, and those 2 are just side characters)⚠
———

"папа," russia grumbled, reluctantly holding two of his siblings' hands as he trailed behind his father. "тебе не кажется, что каз и бела слишком молоды для этого (don't you think kaz and bela are a little too young for this)?"

"эй, мы тебя слышим (hey, we can hear you)!"

"мальчик, это вопрос дипломатии. ты поймешь, когда станешь старше (boy, this is a matter of diplomacy. you'll understand when you're older)," the ussr stated blankly, ignoring kazakhstan's offended muttering, before stopping in his tracks in front of a large and extravagent building, decorated heavily with a flag unfamiliar to the RSFSR.

the soviet union slowly turned to face the 3 best behaved of his 15 children with a perceptive gaze, his eyes narrowing slightly in warning. "я хочу, чтобы вы все вели себя как можно лучше. я не потерплю сегодня никаких махинаций или некомпетентности. последствия будут очень тяжелыми. я могу ясно выразиться (i want you all on your best behavior. i will not tolerate any shenanigans or incompetence. the consequences will be very severe. do i make myself clear)?"

"да, папа (yes, dad)," the three children murmured in unison.

"хорошо (good)." he said, punctuating the word strongly. his golden eyes shifted to the youngest of the group, belarus - currently also the most timid. she had never been to one of these events before. "бела, у тебя прекрасные косички (bela, your braids are

lovely)." he winked, showing the slightest hint of affection.

"спасибо, папа (thanks, dad)!" she said, visibly relaxing.

the tallest nodded in approval, before taking a step forward and knocking on the door.

a few moments later, a man with red skin similar to the ussr's opened the door, and smirked, showing off razor sharp teeth and blood red eyes. "udssr (ussr)! what a pleasure to see you. come in, the festivities have only just begun."

ussr wore a polite expression, the one he enjoys naming his 'politician face'. he quickly stepped inside the building, followed closely by his waddling children. "здравствуйте, рейх." he said monotonously, shaking the shorter's hand. "it's been a while. i hope all is well?"

"oh yes, yes, thank you. and likewise, of course." he replied, not for one moment faltering his smirk. ussr said nothing, and motioned for his children to follow him.

"найти с кем поговорить. это продлится некоторое время (find someone to talk to. this is going to take a while)." he muttered to them after they cleared out of the entrance. kazakhstan and belarus immediately wandered off, their excitement to meet people overtaking them. however, russia stayed near his father. the soviet didn't bother hiding his sigh. "россия (russia)."

"пожалуйста, папа? я никого здесь не знаю, а ты знаешь, как я с незнакомцами (please, dad? i don't know anyone here and you know how i am with strangers)," he pleaded. it was not unknown that the soviet union's oldest son inherited many traits from his father, one of them being him being his general aura; unwelcoming and cold - something that did not necessarily do good things to his social life.

ussr responded with a stern look, and said, "нет. прости, русс (no. sorry, russ)," russia groaned internally and prepared himself for a long night. "тебе будешь хорошо (you'll be fine)," his father reassured, nudging him slightly. russia only breathed out anxiously

in response, and begrudgingly walked away.

russia looked around the ballroom - at least, that's what he thought it was - searching for something to spend his time, however he inevitably found nothing. noticing a door to what seemed like a balcony, or some kind of outdoor platform, he swiftly shifted his direction there, nodding in acknowledgement to a few countries he recognized as he walked passed them: france, turkey, spain (who looked a little drunk already), bulgaria, and a few others.

the walk was quick and business-like; he wanted to get out of the big room with all the people as soon as possible. in his hurry he barely noticed a small, tricolored country near him before he accidently bumped into him and made him trip. the stranger stumbled and let out a small yelp, making russia's eyes widen momentarily.

"sorry, you are okay?" he asked in his heavily accented, broken english.

"yes, sorry, it is my fault for walking into you, apologies. i did not see you in my rush," the country explained. russia blinked, only understanding the first two words of his statement. the rest sounded like gibberish to him. he needed to work on his english - if папа had seen this incompetence, he would be so disappointed.

but before he could ask what he meant, the country had already left, probably continuing on his way to wherever he was going.

shit. not even 30 minutes in to the event and he had already ruined something. what if other people had seen that? what if they thought it was on purpose? that he was an asshole just for the sake of being an asshole? what if they all hated him now, even more so than before? did he just put a dent in his reputation just from that? oh god, they'll remember it forev—

what the hell, россия. he mentally smacked himself. *it's not that big of a deal.* after a moment, he continued his stride towards the balcony, this time twice as careful to not run into anybody.

finally, he reached his destination, reaching a pair of elegant doors.

breathing in, he opened them quietly and squeezed himself through the small opening. he was met with an endlessly large sky stretching above him, navy blue fading to black as it went higher, littered in every corner with stars.

he wished he could count them all.

the planets in the milky way had long ago been discovered, but there was so much more beyond it. there were stars billions of light years away, a distance humanity will never be able to reach - leaving him only to wonder. the limits to astronomy simply did not exist, and therefore his wondering was endless.

he was not yet a full country, but he was the second tallest on earth, bested only by his father, the ussr. yet, the stars made him feel so small. insignificant, even. it was a change, to say the least.

russia leaned against the balustrade, peering out again. the difference between the darkness of the sky and the brightness of the stars was evident. they glistened upon each other, almost twinkling - of course, they didn't really. it wasn't a fairy tale. *you can't romantacize science, russ,* he scolded himself again. but he was tempted to do so anyway. reality is a bitch.

"what are you doing here?" a voice suddenly called from behind him.

russia yelped, almost falling off the balcony with his sudden imbalance. his head snapped backwards to look at the intruder of his peace.

it was the country from before. the words took a moment to register in his brain, and it took another to construct a sentence in response. he hated english, curse this damn language.

"i am nothing, not doing," he spoke, unable to craft his grammar well.

the smaller country looked at him for a moment with a stoic expression before cracking a tiny smile. "what is your native language?"

"russian" he replied after a second of assessing the question asked.

"замечательно, я говорю это.(wonderful, i speak it.)"

russia let out an audible sigh of relief, earning a giggle from the latter. an unfamiliar feeling crept up his chest. he ignored it. "хвала господу. мой английский - дерьмо. (thank god. my english is shit)."

the other's smile widened, although he didn't show his teeth when doing so. russia wondered if it was on purpose.

"что ты здесь делаешь? (what are you doing here)" he repeated his question from earlier.

"ничего такого (nothing)." the smaller sighed softly from this. "как тебя зовут? я не знаю кто ты (what's your name? i don't know who you are),"

"германия (germany)," he answered curtly. russia nodded in understanding. "ты россия (you are russia)?"

"да," he responded easily. "как ты узнал (how did you know)?"

"тебя трудно не заметить (you're hard to miss)," germany said, slightly quieter than before. russia didn't know how to feel about that. was it because he was so tall? or because he was one of ussr's kids? or because he was too noticable? or because he was a communist? or because he had anger issues? or because he was quiet at events? or because he had too many siblings? or becaus—

SHUT. UP. jesus christ he thinks you're an idiot. you haven't said anything in over a minute he thinks you're an antisocial PSYCHOPATH who the hell do you think you are?

"обычно люди спрашивают, почему я прекращаю говорить на несколько минут за раз. они говорят, что я выгляжу так, будто я очень много думаю, или я выгляжу отстраненным, или что-то в этом роде. (usually people would ask why i stop talking for minutes at a time. they say i look like i'm thinking really hard or i look detached or whatever.)," he suspiciously made eye contact with germany. "ты вообще не прокомментировал (you haven't

commented at all),"

"я встретил тебя три минуты назад. мне не место просить тебя о твоем сокровенном секрете (i met you three minutes ago. it's not my place to ask you for your deepest secret)," he replied simply. russia appreciated the bluntness - beating around the bush was never to any avail.

"спасибо," russia said, his face morphing into a stoic expression as they fell into comfortable silence as he looked back up at the sky. this 'germany' character was weird....different, at least. his presence didn't feel intrusive.

timeskip oop

"россия," his father's voice called, drawing him back to attention.

"да, извини (yes, sorry)," he murmured. he didn't really want to look back in the eyes of his father's comrade, whose name he learned was 'third reich'. the blistering crimson of the man's eyes were unsettling. "thank you very much," he told him politely, although avoiding eye contact and discreetly hiding behind ussr's heavy coat, his siblings behind him.

russia was not one to be intimidated, the feeling was new and he greatly disliked it. for a reason he was unable to identify, his mind ran back to germany.

he knew next to nothing about the small country, yet the thought of him was comforting. maybe it was *because* of the lack of knowledge of him. whatever, the reason didn't matter. it was stupid. it was all stupid. all he knew was his name, and that he spoke russian - which, come to think of it, might have helped his brain create a relieving image of him, one possibly very inaccurate. he wouldn't know.

there were so many questions he could have asked. how did he recognize him? how did he get to this party? what his language

was? where his territory was? who his relations were? and most importantly, why the *fuck* did russia care so much?

reluctantly returning to reality, the huge doors he had entered from in the first place closed behind him and his family had begun their way back to the transport back home. he hadn't noticed he fell behind until someone brushed his shoulder.

"всё хорошо (everything okay)?" said kazakhstan, looking up at his older brother. he may be young, but he wasn't as stupid and naïve as one would assume from knowing his age.

russia looked ahead as he trudged along beside his brother. a few meters a head, belarus was yapping happily to ussr about how everything went, and about her conversation with serbia, skipping slightly to keep up with their father and to showcase her joy. beyond them, lay the stars.

russia sighed internally, before finally answering with an uneasy "немного сложно сказать (it's a little hard to tell),"

kazakhstan looked at him questioningly, not wanting to prodd for an explanation but clearly wanting one. russia noted this, but he wasn't quite in the mood to talk about feelings. "не беспокойся об этом (don't worry about it)," russia said, shooting him a lopsided grin before ruffling his hair affectionately. "ну, что ты делал все это время (well, what did you do this entire time)?" he asked, desperately changing the subject.

his little brother visibly brightened, and started ranting about what he did and who he met. russia wished he were genuinely interested.

again, his mind wandered to germany.

he wondered if he would ever see him again.

2.1k words
wow uh that was……something
im not sure where i was going w this lol

sry i just learned a bunch of cool vocab and idioms in english and i rlly wanted to use them :3
hope you enjoyed tho :D
lmk if you want part 2 or generally more oneshots in this style
ily and have a great morning/day/night <3

34 | yoink pt 2

🪒: male
🪒: male
au again (continuation of last oneshot)
idea by Emo_warrior365 xx
⚠tw: tr, ussr, anxiety⚠
———

russia had been staring at ceiling for the past 16 hours.

he lay in bed, arms hanging lazily beside his body. *christ*, he was tired. a half empty bottle of vodka was set down on the ground beside his bed, but he didn't feel like drinking it. he felt odd - not like himself.

he couldn't really describe what he was feeling, though. his little sister, moldova, had walked into his room a few hours ago and left immediately, though through the thin walls he heard her giggle and tell ukraine something about "teenage angst". he would usually grumble about how stupid that was, but now? he was just tired. he didn't really feel like talking or making any social signals, even if it was to his siblings.

he turned over to his side and hissed momentarily, his back hurting. he curled up and tried to hug himself, but it didn't bring him much comfort. his arms felt empty, and there was a hole in him, in his conscious, his being, and he couldn't tell what it was. normally, he would wonder, he would brainstorm and soon enough figure out the answer as to why. yet he didn't have the energy to do such a thing that he would normally do in 5 minutes.

russia groaned again, this time a little too loudly, because armenia yelled "լռիր, Ռուսաստան (shut up, russia)!" from some other room. for the sake of being a little shit, he groaned even louder. a few seconds later, his door was thrown open by an agitated armenia. "լավ, ինչ է դա (well, what is it)?" he asked, leaning on the doorframe.

"что (what)?" russia grumbled from his bed.

"ինչի մասին ես նվնվում, սրիկա (what are you whining about, asshole)?" armenia said, not bothering to hide his exasperation.

"иди на хуй (go fuck yourself),"

"արի, եղբայր, դու ամբողջ օրը հյուրընկալվել ես: բելան կարոտում է քեզ (come on bro, you've been in bed all day. bela misses you),"

"не вводи белу в это (don't bring bela into this)," he muttered dramatically. his little sister had exceptionally good puppy eyes; not even big bad russia could resist.

"ես կարող եմ և կանեմ. դուրս եկեք, նախքան ես պետք է ձեզ քաշեմ ձեր սենյակից: գիտես, որ կանեմ (i can and i will. come out before i have to drag you out of your room. you know i will),"

yeah. russia blew a raspberry into the air. he knew he would.

"Чтоб у тебя хуй во лбу вырос (may a dick grow on your forehead)," russia concluded before throwing off the blanket and trudging out of his room.

armenia grinned and followed him down the hallway, pausing only for a moment to announce, screaming: "ԳԱՍՏԱԸ ԱՐԹԱԵԼ Է (THE BEAST HAS AWAKENED)!". a round of applause and uncontrollable hooting followed, each of their siblings cheering dramatically from their respective rooms.

"я ненавижу тебя (i hate you)," russia whispered to armenia, who only grinned wider and said "կցանկանայիք, որ դա անեիք (you wish you did),". russia was about to give him a noogie before he stopped in his tracks - ussr was lounging on the couch, making direct eye contact with him, sending goosebumps up the teenager's skin.

but he looked somewhat relaxed, the rational part of his brain said

it would be fine. but doubt and anxiety - they had different views. and russia wasn't in the mood to get his ass whooped.

"россия." ussr nodded in acknowledgement, but didn't do much more.

russia hesitantly answered "привет, папа (hi dad)," before speed-walking to the kitchen for a glass of water, abandoning armenia. when he came back, his brother was gone, and his father was staring at the wall intensively, probably lost in his thoughts. russia guessed they had that in common. he was about to go say hello to belarus in her room (shared with ukraine) but he was interuppted by soviet's voice.

"пока я не забыл, мне нужно тебе кое-что сказать. (before i forget, i need to tell you something)," he said, looking once again at his eldest son. "нас снова пригласили на встречу с третьим рейхом (we've been invited again to meet with the third reich)."

russia stopped in his tracks. it had been...what, six or seven months since the party? shit. he didn't remember much, except that third reich spooked him out. and, that there was germany.

блять, he thought simply. he didn't want to see this 'third reich' character again, no matter his father's overall friendliness with him.

he nodded to his father to show that he had heard him before heading to his sister's room.

"росСССИЯЯЯЯЯ" belarus yelled as soon as russia opened the door, and in the blink of an eye he was tackled to the ground with a hug. russia rolled his eyes affectionatly and patted her head. "пора тебе поздороваться, ты какашка (it's about time you came to say hello, you turd)," she giggled.

"прошло чуть больше половины дня, ты просто маленькая королева драмы (it's been a little more than half a day, you're just a little drama queen)," belarus pouted, and proceeded to huff dramatically.

"я не королева драмы (i'm not a drama queen)!"

"ты полностью (you totally are)," russia smiled and kissed her on the forehead. she only huffed again, but this time allowed her brother to sit up on the floor and recover from her hug attack.

"ты слышал, что папа сказал о очередной встрече с третьим рейхом? (did you hear what papa said about another meeting with third reich)?" she asked, tilting her head in question.

"да, к сожалению (yes, unfortunately)," russia groaned, making belarus giggle again.

"я думал, ты сказал, что *я* королева драмы (i thought you said *i* was the drama queen),"

"тише. я поддерживаю свое первоначальное заявление (shush. i stand by my original statement)," he announced proudly.

"мхм (mhm)," belarus sniggered. "ой! папа также сказал, что у мистера рейха есть ребенок твоего возраста (oh! papa also said mister reich has a kid your age),"

russia's eyes widened, and he let out an agonizing wail. *fuckkkkk.* he did not want to socialize, especially with someone he doesn't know. people his age are idiots too, he didn't want to talk with them. *godammit. god fucking damn it.*

"Боже, отсюда я практически слышу твои мысли. ты на самом деле не так плох, как ты думаешь, понимаешь (jeez, i can practically hear you thoughts from here. you're not actually as bad as you think, y'know)," belarus commented, somewhat unhelpfully.

"ты прав. *я намного* хуже (you're right. i'm *so* much worse)."

timsekip

the building to which they entered was different than the one from 6 months ago. it was a lot less grand, yet it was still clear it held power. russia supposed there was a reason, but he didn't feel

like spoiling his father's good mood - pestering and unnecessary questions often did.

he held the hands of belarus and kazakhstan as he stood before the building, in a very similar manner to how they were the first time they were invited to some kind of event by third reich.

however, the moment they stepped in (after being invited in by a servant, of course.), russia's heart stopped. this was no party, or celebration, or whatever. this was a fucking *personal meeting*. the walls were cream colored and a large rug was fashioned over the floor. but this seemed more like a household, not a banquet. which made things so, *so* much worse.

shit. his anxiety started eating away in his stomach, his hands suddenly shaking and sweaty in his gloves, his breathing rapid and heartbeat even more so. he felt as if he was about to have a panic attack - *oh god, oh no, oh god, please have mercy, not here, not here, oh god—*

by the time third reich had come to greet them himself, russia was on the verge of tears. thankfully, he was a decent actor. yet, his the presence of his father's unsettling comrade did nothing to ease his nerves.

"успокаивать. (calm down)," he felt ussr lean down and whisper into his ear. damn it, ussr knew him well enough to know what was happening.

shit, russia thought. if he noticed, surely third reich did as well, surely his kid would as well, then they would all laugh at him and taunt him and tell him he's weak and he's not a real man and they probably all hate him by now, and if not they're ashamed, who would to be associated with such anxious *garbage*, even kaz and bela would hate him, they would be known as the siblings of scaredy-cat russia for the rest of their lives, *i'm ruining everything i'm ruining everything i'm so sorry i'm ruining everything—*

ussr smacked the back of his head, as if he could read his mind. russia was thankful for it, even though it earned a curious look from third reich.

"anyways," the man said, seemingly continuing a conersation. *oh*, russia blinked. he didn't notice they were speaking before. whatever, it didn't matter anyways, since he barely understood what was being said either way. "this is my son," russia slouched slightly. he understood that sentence perfectly; having heard his father use it to introduce him to others many times before.

his heartbeat raced again, although not anymore panic-attack level.

his breathing momentarily stopped when he saw a figure step out from behind third reich - he hadn't even noticed there was someone there. *invisible*, he joked unhumourously to himself. it took a moment for his brain to register who it actually was, the flag was known to him.

germany.

wait, what? russia's eyes widened. germany was third reich's son? what the hell? why didn't he know? how didn't he know? why didn't he tell him? actually, that kind of made sense. russia probably wouldn't want people to know either. or maybe he just didn't see a need to bring it up? or he didn't care? what the fuck?

while russia's mind was bombarded with questions, he almost didn't realize germany's hand was out to shake his. he looked at the latter cautiously, before shaking his hand firmly with his. he subconsciously noticed that he was disappointed he didn't actually feel the country's hand, since his own were still in gloves.

he had a hunch that they were very soft.

what the fuck? no, shut up. seriously, what the fuck.

also, it made absolutely no sense that germany was third reich's son. he seemed way too tolerable. his aura wasn't disturbing or unsettling in any way, much unlike his father. it just didn't add up. nothing added up.

luckily for russia (hint: sarcasm) this also made his anxiety much

worse. he could practically feel his heart beating in his ears now, drowning out much of what was happening.

but, his attention returned when someone grabbed his arm. he looked up - it was germany. for some reason, the loss of chance at skin-to-skin contact devastated him, for reasons he did not understand. though he kind of regretted wearing such a large coat now.

shut. UP. jesus, can he not have *one* moment of calmness?

russia looked around again, noticing that he was being dragged by the other country to a different area of the building. what? what did germany want from him? not that he was really complaining, it just made him nervous.

he almost crashed into the smaller when he skidded unexpectedly to a stop. russia wasn't much aware of the surroundings, only by the color of germany's eyes. they were distracting. fuck, he did it again. he half wished ussr was here right now to whack him again, he needed to put him back in his right mind.

russia noticed that. whenever he was near germany - which, to be fair, had only been twice - he didn't feel in his ' right mind', but for some reason that felt.....right.

weird.

"россия, послушай меня. дыши через нос четыре секунды, хорошо? четыре секунды (russia, listen to me. breathe in through your nose for four seconds, alright? four seconds)." germany said to him, his accented russian sounding strangely calming.

1....2....3....4

"хорошо, а теперь не выдыхай. задержи дыхание на семь, хорошо? это хорошо (good, now don't breathe out yet. hold your breathe for seven, okay? that's good),"

1....2....3....4....5....6....7

"теперь выдохни, дожидайся восьми секунд, у тебя все

отлично (now breathe out, make it last eight seconds, you're doing amazing),"

1....2....3....4....5....6....7....8

russia did it a few more times, before finally speaking. "спасибо, германия (thank you, germaniya)," if he didn't think he was delusional, russia could have sworn he saw a slight blush crawl up germany's face.

" 'германия', аа ('germaniya', huh)?" germany said, the smallest smile brushed his lips. still, russia noticed he didn't show them. it was rude to ask, but he couldn't help but wonder.

that's when russia realized his mistake. oh, fuck, he called germany 'germaniya'. that's not his name, shit. "прости (sorry)," he mumbled, hiding his face in his hands.

the smaller country chuckled, then patted his shoulder. "это хорошо. мне это нравится (it's fine. i like it)," smiling shyly at the last part.

russia, for no reason at all, turned a bit red.

he kind of wantd to talk with germany about what's up with third reich being his father, and why he doesn't smile with his teeth, and why he didn't tell him before, and why he knew those breathing excersices that so miraculously calmed his nerves, or a million other things he could ask, but....

he was content with the silent understanding between them.

it was comfortable.

_____

2.3k words
uwu lmao idk
no proofread we die like men
hope u enjoyed :3
have a good day/night/afternoon/morning/whatever!!

35 | simp lol

🪮: male
🪮: male
I LIVE
enjoy my cliche garbage
———

germany was not a romantic.

he was just... intrigued, to say the least.

nothing about russia just made sense.

germany tried everything, he really did— friendliness, formal friendliness, countless trips, however diplomatic, into russian territory, and more. but alas, his efforts were to no avail.

the longer russia's mysteriousness lasted, the more restless it made the latter. soon, germany couldn't help but notice his gaze slipping to the man during UN meetings and the like. he noticed things he shouldn't; like how he bites the tip of his pens, or how his eyebrows get furrowed in such a weirdly specific way when he is focused, or how he sometimes runs his fingers through his hair as a makeshift comb but it always falls back onto his face, or how his unrevealing eyes gleam so subtley when he finds something amusing, — all things germany absolutely should not know, care about, and certainly not find attractive.

irony was poetic.

but of course, germany was not a romantic. heavens, no, he is not some schoolgirl from a television show; he is a professional, fully-grown, mature countryhuman, with duties to fulfill, and much higher moral responsibilities than a pining teenager.

russia wasn't a stranger, but he wasn't a friend. they used to be rather close, but they didn't really talk anymore outside of formal

circumstances and professional environments.

he just wished russia was less completely closed off. his stoicness was impossible. or maybe he just wished he could talk to him properly. or that they could be friends. or that they could be—

no. germany stopped himself. *shut up.*

wishing for things was a waste of time. he had better things to do. like paperwork.

germany sighed softly, standing up from his desk to the coffee machine. watching the liquid pour into a plain mug, he scolded himself once more. *bundesrepublik deutschland ist kein kleines Mädchen (the federal republic of germany is not a little girl),* he repeated to himself in his head. *bundesrepublik deutschland ist kein kleines Mädchen, bundesrepublik deutschland ist kein kleines Mädchen, bundesrepublik deutschla—*

"hey,"

germany turned around, trying a little too hard not to reveal his surprise on his face. he turned his gaze upwards slowly, and towering over him, was russia. germany's heart did a flip against his will, and he had to repress the urge to squeak. russia was so pretty. his tired eyes were finally not filled with malice, the fatigued calmness somehow angelic. an unspoken yearning tugged at his chest, but he shook it off.

ach, scheiße. bundesrepublik deutschland ist eindeutig ein kleines Mädchen.
(ah, shit. bundesrepublik deutschland is totally a little girl.)

"uh," russia began again, somewhat awkwardly. "are you done with the coffee machine?"

oh. of course, germany rationally knew nothing crazy love story would happen. but a tiny bit of him hoped that maybe russia would confess to him that he was actually madly in love with him and then they'd make out.

jesus christ, he needs to stop watching so much american television.

germany shook his head. "sorry," he said, grabbing his now full coffee mug off of the machine. "i didn't take you as the kind of guy how drinks coffee." he said after a moment, poking fun at him, before remembering they weren't actually friends. *shit.* did he really just say that? that must have sounded so rude oh my goodness—

but germany was met with a chuckle instead. if his heart was flipping before, now it was doing a full gymnastics routine. russia's laugh, or rather his giggle, was so *pure*. he may be bias, but dear *god* that was the sweetest sound he had ever heard.

"normally not, but i have work to do," russia remarked, secretive but simultaneously somewhat light-heartedly.

germany hummed in response, sipping his coffee to mask his absolute adoration.

russia made a move toward the coffee machine, not really trying to start up another conversation. he seemed content with the silence, and so was germany, but he couldn't help himself when— "you know, you're surprisingly docile when you're tired,"

fuck. he did not just say that. two mistakes in a 1 minute conversations, get a *grip* germany. his eyes widened slightly, silently preparing for an aggressive counter. knowing russia's personality, it was not very unlikely.

"is that so?"

"yes," germany answered with pretend casualness, his anxiety elevating by the minute.

"smartass," he remarked light heartedly in response. "i hope it's not too obvious,"

"well, i noticed it, didn't i?"

russia rolled his eyes, amused. "that hardly counts, my dearest federal republic," he said with the smallest smirk resting on his handsome face. *my dearest federal republic.* germany had to restrain himself from kissing him right then and there before melting into a puddle of uwu. "because you are scarily perceptive."

he knows that? to be fair, it isn't really a secret, but the fact that *russia* remembered that? and thought to bring it up? he was squealing so hard on the inside, he was about to explode. if it were possible to keysmash in real life, he would be murdering his keyboard. russia knowing something about him, and even bothering to care about it was probably the best thing that had happened to him all week.

germany tsked playfully before walking back to his office with his probably blessed cup of coffee.

-

russia checked his watch obsessively, desperate for the chance to finally go home and die. also, he had plans to binge all the shrek movies with serbia and ukraine. it was something to look forward to, which he was glad about; that wasn't something that happened too often.

the only problem was that there was a cute idiot coworker who was annoyingly not getting out of his head. he couldn't stop thinking about him - he was so fucking perfect and it was so fucking frustrating. he was a genius, he was friendly, he was attractive (which, with all honesty, is just a nice way of saying he likes his ass), and his sharpness was somehow so soft and his face was so *kissable*, so it really wasn't russia's fault for not being able to take his eyes off him.

but, russia was not a romantic. and germany was absolutely, not, in any way, his crush. that's what he kept telling himself, with the hopes that it would become the truth.

_____

1.1k words
ur mom gay
jk ily tysm for reading you absolute legends <3
also sorry for dead??? school is stinky and in person so i have to actually do things and study (ew)
have an amazing rest of ur day <333

36 | real

:male
:male
angstangstangstangst sorry
i obviously know how to do title
kind of a vent? maybe? who knows
as usual, be careful w reading, don't force yourself read anything that makes you uncomfy or triggered or anything
⚠big sad, implied character death, disassociation/wtf is real???⚠
———

the sky is at it's grandest underneath the shadowing stare of the moon.

the universe is deafening.

how sickening must the world be, for your shelter to be gloom,

how blind must man be, to find joy in the dark.

russia was not a poet. it would be unfair to take that title.

he just hated the city. there was no peace there.

and he hated himself, for not finding pleasure in his pitiful garden of chamomiles, who so greatly longed for his care. he hated himself, because he couldn't grow flowers, and when he did, they brought him nothing. really, it was a poor excuse. he hated himself for not romanticizing his pain.

he wished he could climb a mountain and yell to the skies that *he knew, he knew, but he was just so alone*, he wished he could admit his

faults and finally be forgiven, he wished he was sinless, he wished he had a proper garden, he wished he had a family, a friend, he so badly wished he wouldn't be alone.

but he was not a child. he knew that it could not be as simple.

russia grimaced slightly, breathe faltering as he shifted his head backwards to look up at the sky. it was long dark - only traces of his surroundings seeped into his enlarged pupils. *02:18*, his watch read. the man snuck a glance once more at his chamomiles, before breathing in heavily and opening the door to his house. he didn't turn on the light.

how blind must man be, to find joy in the dark.

after all, what good would the light do? he's the only one home, and he doesn't give a flying fuck. he's been the only one home for years.

everyone he has ever loved is gone. everyone he as ever cared about has left, or died, or somehow ceased to remain a part of russia's life. he was the largest country in the world, yet he was so small.

he wished he could talk to ukraine. he wished his dad wasn't dead. he wished belarus wasn't convinced he was good. he wished germany was still here. he wished he had the guts to pick up the phone and call his friends. he wished he could apologize to the world. he wished he could let go.

but he was a coward, and therefore, there was no escape.

it was all a cycle. wake up from a rest you never got, drink, pity, work, drink, cry, pity, garden, then curl up and cry yourself to insecure sleep. if russia were anyone else, he would have left too. it was only rational.

he was so, so small.

russia blindly took off his shoes, trudging into the living

room before collapsing on the couch. he had forgotten to count the days in which he did not manage to bring himself to even go to his own bedroom. his father would have killed him for being such a worthless slouch.

worthless, worthless.

the house's silence was overwhelming. his thoughts were too loud. he couldn't breathe. who knew, who knew it was so possible to suffocate on the very air supposed to make you live. the irony would have made him scoff out a humorless laugh, but he lacked the energy to use his muscles.

germany - the notorious land of poets and thinkers. russia never quite understood it. the world is war, not poetry. not art.

if the world is so beautiful then why is everything grey? if there is so much worth living for then why do i want to die?

what germany never understood was the difference between coincidence and fate. things are always intertwined. there is not always a second story, russia presumed. germany would have looked down at him in shame now. a miserable man, victim to his own torture. the both of them, that is.

god, he didn't even know how to cry anymore. he hasn't been able to sob out his agony in ages. years.

there is no life here. only russia's subconscious body refusing to let go already. as if there was some string of hope to hold on to, one ray of sunlight to shine on his face that will stop the world from collapsing.

but that was gone.

germany was gone.

and it is empty here. the house does not feel home, and his life had long fallen apart. he did not belong in his own body. perhaps he would have, if there was another pressing against him, simply to confirm that he was real. it was real.

it used to be.

russia hated himself. so, so, so much. he despised the very essence of his being, the physical and conscious presence of him. scum. he was filth. there were no words to degrade him as such to an accurate level.

with his face pressed into the stiff material of the couch, he let out a shaky sigh that he did not know that he was holding in. water pooled in his eyes, and without a peep of noise the tears fell, and fell, and fell. the lump in his throat grew steadily, the couch was soon soaking.

and for a moment, russia was real again.

_____

925 words
yikes idk what that was sry
hope u enjoyed
have a great day ilysm <333